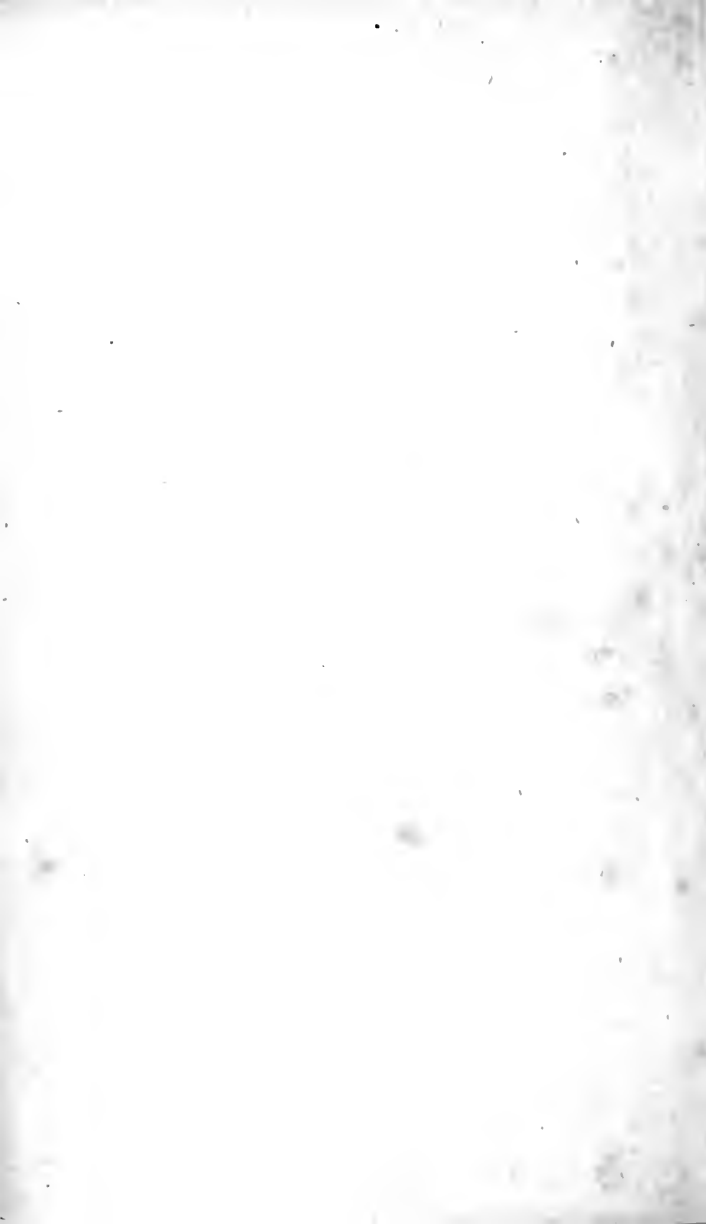




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BY

AUGUSTUS TAYLOR.

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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
SPRING	1
RACHEL	11
ROMANCE AND SCIENCE	22
SYLVAN ODE	28
THE LABOUR OF LOVE	37
UPWARDS	48
HILARION	56
EAST AND WEST	59
THE PALM TREE	63
A DISAPPOINTMENT	67
THE BEECH FOREST	69
THE PINE GROVE	72
THE HAREBELL	74
KITTY	77
A LANDSCAPE	78
MARGARET	80
MAY-TIME	83

92105

	PAGE
MEMORY AND HOPE	85
MORNING SONG	87
AN EXPERIENCE	89
THE MAID'S SONG	91
THE FISHERMAN	93
LINES ON A PICTURE	95
ON THE DEATH OF A HAWK	98
DAMARIS	100
YEARNINGS	103
AUTUMN	105
'TIS STILL, THE SKY, THE NIGHT, THE AIR IS STILL .	108
A LAMENT	109
WATERLOO	110
A SUMMER EVENING'S DREAM	113
SEQUEL TO A SUMMER EVENING'S DREAM	116
SHELTER	121
ON TAKING POSSESSION OF A NEW STUDY	123
"TOUCH ME NOT "	125
THE TIRED CHILD	127
TO A. H. ON HER MARRIAGE TO THE BISHOP OF S. L.	129
PICTURES OF HEAVEN	135
IN THE HOLY MORNING LIGHT	141
LIKE A BRIGHT VISION IN THE AIR	143
TO A. AT SIX MONTHS OLD	147
IN MEMORY OF S. R. P.	149

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

GARDEN SONNETS—

I.	155
II.	156
III.	157
IV.	158
V.	159
VI. THE ROSE	160
VII. THE LILY	161
VIII.	162
IX. THE AVENUE	163

RIVER SONNETS—

I.	167
II.	168
III.	169
IV.	170

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS—

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK	173
TO M. Y.	174
TO S. M. L. T.	175
ON THE DEATH OF S. T.	176
A CHILD STOOD GAZING SEAWARD	177
ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BABE	178
ONCE BY A BROAD AND VISIONARY STREAM	179
NOW ON THE WHITE SANDS	180
ENCOURAGEMENTS	181

	PAGE
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS— <i>continued</i> —	
SEEKING FOR FREEDOM,	182
OH! MEN OF GOD!	183
THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE	184
TO THE ODOURLESS VIOLET	185
TO THE WEST WIND	186
TINTERN ABBEY	187
MOTHER AND CHILD (1.)	188
MOTHER AND CHILD (2.)	189
WRITTEN DURING AN ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS	190
TO PLINY (1.)	191
TO PLINY (2.)	192
THE DIVINE PICTURE	193
PERFECT SONSHIP (1.)	194
PERFECT SONSHIP (2.)	195
EASTWARD	196
SUNSET	197
NIGHT	198
ART THOU THE DAY, THE NEW BORN DAY	199
ABRAHAM AND LOT	200
BARTIMEUS	201
TO MRS G. . . .	202
WHEN JARRED BY SOME NEW STROKE	203
MY MUSE, I FEAR, IS SHY AND COUNTRY-BRED	204

ERRATA.

Page	29	line	1	<i>For moontide read noontide.</i>
„	72	„	14	<i>For sea read seas.</i>
„	156	„	2	<i>For old fashioned read old-fashioned.</i>
„	161	„	8	<i>For heart read hearts.</i>
„	167	„	1	<i>delete comma after river.</i>
„	176	„	4	<i>For beloved read Beloved.</i>
„	187	„	9	<i>For low sobbed read low-sobbed.</i>

	PAGE
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS — <i>continued</i> —	
SEEKING FOR FREEDOM,	182
OH ! MEN OF GOD !	183
THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE	184
TO THE ODOURLESS VIOLET	185
TO THE WEST WIND	186
TINTERN ABBEY	187
TO MRS G.	202
WHEN JARRED BY SOME NEW STROKE	203
MY MUSE, I FEAR, IS SHY AND COUNTRY-BRED	204

P O E M S.

SPRING.

FLASHING through the sapphire dome,
Borne across the eastern foam
On thy æther-cleaving wing,
Spirit of exulting Spring !
Soon as Day has conquered Night
With the arrows of the light,
And pursued her east and west,
Lowering her raven crest,
Till at least an equal reign
Doth acknowledge his domain,
Then from Scandinavian snows,
Where the boreal ardour glows,

Eager on the screaming blast,
Thou careerest wild and fast,
With a tumult all around,
Wakening a world of sound !

Though thy subtle might is such
That no eye, nor ear, nor touch
Hath perceived the wondrous thing,
I have seen thee, fairy Spring !
As one who o'er the polished brass
Watches astral glories pass,
Gazing into that concave,
More empyreal than the sky,
Where ideals, wave on wave,
Glance beneath the poet's eye,
Whence reverberations clear
Strike the poet's inward ear,
I have seen thee gliding there,
With a thousand larks in air,
Like a youth of classic grace
With a blush upon thy face,

And a cloud of golden locks,
Such as Dionysus wore
Bounding o'er the Theban rocks,
With his Mænad band of yore.

And sometimes I've seen thee float
Like an angel in a boat,
With thy wings half-spread for sails
Arched before the morning gales,
Where a narrow strait expands
Into broad and sunny seas,
Under shores of shining lands,
Widening by faint degrees
Of emerald and purple hue
To the farthest line of blue.

And sometimes at the weary tide
Of a sultry April noon,
I have seen thee by the side
Of a river making tune
Lazily among the reeds
And the broad-leaved budding weeds,

Sitting like Harpocrates
On a lotus flower at ease,
With thy finger on thy lips,
In a childish attitude,
Soon, as from a short eclipse,
To flash into a wilder mood,
Musing something new and strange,
Something which shall quickly change,
By a cunning magic art,
Earth, and sky, and face, and heart,
From the fount of endless youth,
The fabled well of deathless truth,
Fetching something which shall pass
O'er the woods and o'er the grass,
Making money-loving men
Into children once again.

Or before the morning star
In a golden-axled car,
Drawn by horses, golden-maned,
Golden-bitted, golden-reined,

Leaning forward o'er the surge,
Hurrying on with voice and scourge
Every fiery foaming steed
To exert his utmost speed,
With a noisy chattering train
Gambolling around the wain,
All that dance in coral caves
To the music of the waves,
All except the Nymphs serene,
Daughters of the ocean queen,
For they love a calmer scene ;
All the white Nereïdes
In their flowing locks enrolled,
With their father, prophet old,
Hoary patriarch of the seas,
And behind them play and swim
Dogs and monsters quaint and grim,
Whelps and cubs of all that breed
In the oozy ocean weed,
While among the sandy isles,

From the tumult far and shy,
Green-haired Glaucus ever wails
Mourning that he cannot die.

But sometimes thy rapturous hour
Hath an overwhelming power,
And a danger seems to lie
Lurking in thy restless eye,
And the world seems all too new,
Too capricious to be true :
Weary then we turn at last
To the quiet of the past,
Longing for the rich delights
Of the happy winter nights,
When we hear the ceaseless tread
Of the angels overhead
Sent to cover stains below
With the charity of snow,
And the solemn tempests play
World-old anthems on the trees,
As their branches bend and sway

All abandoned to the breeze,
And upon the forest lyre
Utter all the strong desire,
All the anguish and despair,
Every curse and every prayer,
All the anger and disdain
They have passed on hill and plain,
All the mystic harmonies
They have gathered from the seas,
Till each tender passionate tone,
Every sigh and every moan,
In its restless fever hurled
From the great heart of the world,
Finds an echo in our own :
Then we listen without fear,
In the lamplight still and clear,
As if nestling safe and warm
In the hollow of God's hand,
While the trouble of the storm
Passes o'er the trembling land.

Or we stir the crackling fire,
And while sharp against the pane
Dashes oft the gusty rain,
Listen what the electric wire,
From a thousand leagues afar
Tells of ravages of war,
From the East and from the West,
How the nations long for rest
—Long for rest but arm for strife,
Loving vengeance more than life.

Or we talk and interchange
Hopes and fancies old and strange,
Which can best be understood
Where a flame of blazing wood
Casts a flicker on the walls,
And a restless radiance falls
On the earnest brow which teems
With the inward fire of thought,
Like a temple hyaline
Through which altar-splendours shine,

Misty with a crown of dreams,
Diamonded with tears inwrought,
And the love-reflecting face,
Rapt into angelic grace,
Brings God nearer to the eye
Than the constellated sky.

For too pure and bright art thou,
For our human spirits now,
Innocent, etherial Spring !
Holy morning of the year !
Emblem thou of every thing
Swift and fresh and glad and clear,
Glistening with creation's dew,
Witness of God's endless power,
Who, as in the primal hour,
Ever maketh all things new,
Turning water into wine,
Raising human to divine,
Fitting without noise or strife
By an inward-working life

Carved stone and graved gold
And gems of price and weight untold
And of every colour bright
In the harmony of light
Mingling to a chrystal white,
Ordering all things rich and fair,
Known to none but Him alone,
Till He hath completed all
For His sabbath festival.
Then into the cloudless air,
In a mountain-silence grown
Like a pine of Lebanon,
Shall the city of the King
Crowned with palace domes arise,
In the nations' wond'ring eyes,
The mystery of every Spring
To one perfect flower unfurled,
In the summer of the world.

RACHEL.

FIVE thousand feet above the Rhone, as far
Below the summit of the Oldenhorn,
A valley strewn with stones and broken rocks :
Loud through the midst the Grandeau pours its
flood,
And from sublime heights prophet-like brings down
The life-renewing gift which angel clouds
Bear from the distant seas and treasure safe
And stainless on the rocks. In their own sight,
Men are as nothing while they gaze on walls
Of what might seem a fabric raised with aim
To reach to heaven but struck with angry bolt
From God, long since a ruin and falling still :
For where the height as of some giant apse
Towers in a curve and closes in the scene,
Rises at intervals a faint white cloud
And then the thunder of an avalanche
Breaks and creeps muttering o'er a hundred crags

Followed by echoes whispering up the chasms ;
And other sounds are heard which give that range,
Desolate with naked spaces rifted deep,
And wastes of snow, the name Diablerets,
For there they say pernicious spirits dwell
And wail in loud despair, making the caves
Hollowed in rock and ice reverberate
The hideous noise, while between them and
 heaven
The Glaciers stern and grey gaze down and weep
Torrents of silent tears in long cascades.

Near where the Grandeau rushing thro' the
 vale
Receives a gleaming rivulet, there stands
A hut where Rachel lived, a little maid,
Once cheerful as the morning, fleet of foot
And bright of eye, from all whose features beamed
The frank unconscious soul of sympathy
Which caught each impulse of the earth and air

And gave it quick expression. With the lambs
And playful kids she sported and would bound
Up the steep rocks with sure elastic foot
And stand where even her father, mountaineer
And chamois hunter, scarce would stand. Pure
truth

Looked from those steady eyes and every word
Fell like a clear round note in perfect tune
Upon the listener's ear. Daily she went
At eve to call the browsing wanderers home
And o'er that mountain-vale one might have gazed
Long, and no sign of life discerned, and called,
Mocking her voice, and not a bush had stirred,
But when she stood and called, even as we read
Of the Good Shepherd's voice which all his sheep
Know and obey, the vale all stirred to life
Was busy with the answering flock ; but now
Her eye was dull and all her gestures slow,
For on her home had fallen an awful grief,
Her father, from whose calm companionship

Her life had drawn its beauty and its joy,
—Her father, than whose name no earthly name
Greater she knew, had been though innocent
Condemned for a base crime. Now all her
strength,

Except the strength of her pure filial love,
Was ebbing daily, and her constant mind
Filled with strange fancies wandering o'er the
snows

Of the near Alps or loitering on the brooks
Or sometimes darkly hovering o'er deep chasms.

Once she had heard how on the Oldenhorn,
Her father, guiding one resolved to reach
The summit and compute the monstrous height,
Had well-nigh perished in the sacrifice
Of his brave life to save the stranger. Thus
The deed was done : the summit had been climbed
And the air weighed, and now in the descent
Where sloped a field of ice like polished glass,
Which ended in a sheer abyss, the stranger,

In front and hurrying too fast, could not stay
His fatal course, and struck, and struck again
Into the ice his alpenstock in vain ;
The slope grew steeper, and before his eyes
Yawned a vast nothingness, when swift as swoop
Of eagle's wing the mountaineer flew past,
And drove into the brink of the abyss
His stock, and stood against the stranger's rush
Firm, and thus gave away his life, which God
Took and gave back, signed with the cross of love.

This Rachel heard, and now she longed to give
Herself for him who seemed so like to Christ,
And early on this summer morn, she comes
Forth from the hut in which her mother spins
And takes her seat where leans an alder bush,
Nodding and throbbing to the torrent's pulse ;
Over her feet the careless stream flows on,
And careless of the stream she lets it flow,
And yet she loves it, and her passion—swift
And eager as its passionate wave—shoots down

To the valley with it, where it hurries on
By the prison walls of Aigle to the Rhone.
There sits her father, pining for the heights
And all the mountain ways he knows so well,
And for his wife, but most of all he longs
To hear his little daughter's voice, which seems
The voice of hope, though why he scarce can say :
A silent man born near the silent snows,
Guiltless of theft he bears the doom of theft,
And though he knows, he will not name the thief,
For there is in him that stern nobleness,
Which neither death nor thralldom worse than
death

Can so corrupt that he should violate
The chaste reserve which duty has enjoined,
And Rachel has her secrets, which she tells
Her friend the torrent ; now she bends her head
And whispers, " Torrent, listen, no one's near,
'Twas grandfather, not father, took the gold,
Father and I were there, he saw us not,

And father bound me not to tell, and yet
With the same breath I vowed to set him free ;
But I am ill, they say that I must die.
Oh, Torrent ! take me ! for I know he pines
For me, and if I die here, I shall go
Up there, and wander far behind those rocks
Whence come the doleful noises which men hear,
And where the gentle angels cannot go."

The summer day was long, at last the sun
Was setting, and at Aigle near the Rhone
In the prison, where an open window looked
Towards the Grandeau, Rachel's father stood,
And to the warder trembling thus he spoke :
" Oh Warder ! long before the morning rose
I lay a-dreaming, and my Rachel seemed
To ride apace on a white mountain goat
Hither, down yon steep path which leads above
The Grandeau ; Warder ! tell me now my dream,
As Joseph told his prisoners' dreams, may be
Some good is meant,"—but suddenly he ceased,

For near them stood, outside the prison gate,
A stone's throw from the torrent, where it fell
Taking its last leap from the mountain glen,
His father, then exclaimed with faltering words,
As of a man whose passion stems his voice,
“What glistens on the Grandeau in the foam?”
His father went and hardly reached to seize
What glistened on the Grandeau in the foam,
And tottered 'neath the burden, though so light,
Then sank, and knelt, and told his crime; for when
He gazed on that white face, it overcame
In its dead weakness all his strength and forced
The secret from his lips. Then said his son
As he looked on them—“She has kept her word,
And I am free! may God forgive through Christ
Thy sin and this irreparable loss,
As I, for my dead Rachel's sake, the wrong!”

Twelve months had passed, and at his chalet's
door

Sat Rachel's father, in his arms a babe

Which when he reached home he found newly
born :

Athwart the gallery and low-reaching roof
The last rays of the setting sun, which seem
To linger with a purpose, slant and tinge
The rock with purple and the snow with rose,
The torrent's roar seems hushed, and round him
breathe

Music and spices of the dusky pine,
And bees return thick-laden to their hives
Long-ranged, and cows deep-dewlapped slowly
move

Relieved from their rich burdens o'er the lawns
Odorous with thyme and every mountain herb,
Close by, mid snatches of resounding song,
The merle d'eau plays and plunges in the brook
Which falls from pool to pool, till 'neath a bridge
Of unstripped fir it rushes, there a trough
Receives and leads it all along the slope
Of marshy meadows to the distant mill.

Across the bridge an old and weary man,
Meeting the sunset, creeps with trembling feet,
And when he sees the cheerful group and hears
The voices that he loves, either from joy
As a lark flutters o'er its happy nest
And lingers in its triumph, or from dread,
Doubting forgiveness, as the Publican
Who stood afar off, he delays his steps
And waiting in the fading light stands still.
Then rose up Rachel's father with his babe,
And gave it to the old man tenderly,
Who took it from him with a kind of fear
And kissed it softly, then looked up and said :
“ Now know I truly that there is a Christ
In every man, most certain to be born
Sooner or later. These twelve months have been
To me innumerable centuries,
And I forget my former self which seems
As far from me as the east is from the west,
For so far hath He put it, who brings forth

From death life, and from thralldom liberty.”
Thus spake he with a countenance as bright
As an angel's. Then the sun set, but there shone
Still on him something whiter than the day,
—The perfect calmness of a soul forgiven
By God and man, whom Love had made its own
In his son's silence and in Rachel's death :
And there close by, beneath the alder bush
Nodding and throbbing to the torrent's pulse,
After not many days, the old man died,
And his son buried him in Rachel's grave.

ROMANCE AND SCIENCE.

At early dawn I saw her pass,
One star was in the reddening east,
She moved like music o'er the grass,
The herald of her monarch-priest.

She had been weeping all the night,
And scarcely yet her tears were dried,
But now before the joy of light
She floated onward like a bride.

And when the might of orient dawn
Spread broader crimson o'er the hills,
As from the fruitful darkness drawn
The fiery wine a goblet fills,

From some deep fount below the world
There flowed into her form and face
Force as of mighty wings unfurled
And fulness of expressive grace.

In growth divine she seemed to rise,
'Mid ghosts of dim material forms,
The light of stars was in her eyes,
And in her hair the wind of storms

Now raged the battle of the morn
And rose in wrath the King of day,
Strangling his foes in giant scorn
And touched her with his earliest ray :

And then she sang as if released
From some intolerable bond,
Of the sky's brightness, and the east
And of the boundless space beyond :

And thrilled that conscious inward sense
Which makes all living creatures one,
And questioned every why and whence,
And reasoned how the worlds begun :

A sea of song, which tided o'er
The lines where farthest wanderers stray,
And smote each solitary shore
And islands where the children play,

All realms of feeling and of thought,
Each range rose-lit by Fancy's fire,
Edens that bloom for souls untaught
And distances of lone desire :

And as she heavenward turned and took
Life from the brightness of his course,
The arrowy beam no eye can brook
Transfixed her vision with its force ;

His coronetted likeness burned
From all that met her loitering gaze,
And human history returned
The imaged likeness of his rays,

And answering his appealing eye
Exhaled its mists of hopes and fears,
And traced upon the boundless sky
Its tragedies of love and tears :

The darkness of a birth obscure,
The twilight star of loyal truth,
The dawn of virgin passion pure,
And morning of chivalrous youth ;

The noon of manhood's hero power,
When self is lost in noblest aims,
The havoc of the last red hour,
And dread catastrophe of flames,

And with his rays she span the beams
Of the cold moon and every light
That sparkles in the mine and streams
Across the hyperborean night,

And from sea-caves and foam, and sought
Gleams from the firefly and the worm
And from clear waterfalls, and caught
White threads of lightning from the storm ;

And glooms from every glen and grove
She gathered, as she roamed along
The ways of human life, and wove
Through all her quaint elaborate song.

She sang, and on the shell-strewn shore
Of a far lake I saw her stand,
She set her sail and wafted o'er
The water to a distant land :

And as the breezes blew behind
Her boat and moved her o'er the mere,
She sang, and stirred the mighty mind
Which slept in some forgotten sphere ;

He woke and listened to her voice,
Till all that, while he lay in trance,
Had made men tremble or rejoice
In that old music of Romance,

Inspired the prophet in his soul
To know the meaning of her dreams,
And piece the fragments of the whole,
And see the truth thro' all that seems :

And, scorning prejudice and pain,
To watch and listen, till the clue
Is caught of the world's tangled skein
And all its secrets laboured through,

Till despair's last stronghold is won,
And every peak of mystery trod,
Till will is power, and many, one—
One— on this side, on that side—God.

SYLVAN ODE.

LEND me your voice for but one drowsy hour,
Fair Poplars! ye that break the full-breathed
wind

Into a million-rippled quivering song,
That I may rove this untrod slope along,
And to my call responsive murmurs find,
Responsive murmurs in that rapturous tongue
Whose accents to the winds and woods belong
And thrill the springs of every mystic power :
But if ye be too shy of human sense,
And ask too careless innocence,
For me to claim so exquisite a dower,
Then hush your happy music, cease awhile
To lead the mingled choir of numerous trees,
That I may question and perchance beguile
Some other lonelier power and steal or seize
By delicate device his subtle style.

Or lend me thy sweet voice, thou virgin brook !

While thou dost tarry in the moontide beam
And flowing gently watch the wayward gleam
Which plays over thy variable wave
Strike undulations on the hollowed rock
And with fantastic waverings mock
The heaving of thy stream ;
Lend me thy voice, that I may hither call,
Hither, where their bright limbs they use to lave,
The forest nymphs, whether they far have strayed
With Aphrodite through the laurel glade,
Or last night, in the swift tumultuous train
Of Artemis, across some grassy plain,
Followed the bounding stag, or, as they wont,
In the close thicket of some mossy gloom,
Or in the leafy covert of some cave,
Some cave latticed with wandering bryony,
Are wooed by the all-conquering Argiphont,
Or some Silenus crowned with heather bloom.

For on the shady top of yonder mount,
Towers o'er all the grove that mighty tree,

The cedar of the northern sea,
On which I daily gaze with pride and fear ;
For well I know I ne'er have seen its peer,
Not on the margin of an Alpine fount,
Nor 'mid the granite of a stormy wild,
Nor on the border of a mountain mere ;
Stained with the sunset, all its branches burn
As towards the fiery west they yearn,
And I have heard them sigh like ocean waves
When, far along some sandy shore,
They answer to the sullen roar
Of the lost wanderers in the distant caves.

Some forceful will, some passionate life is there.
Some spirit bound within that rugged bark
Yearns to burst through the inviolable dark
And longs for light as for its mother's face.
Some ancient dread, some mystery of despair,
Feeds the stern vigour of those mighty boughs,
And I would fain arouse
Some sylvan power to grant me secret grace,

And whisper in my opened ear
That which I long, yet almost dread, to hear.

Why should not love unlock the mystic spring ?
For I am one no harmless creature dreads :
Once fairy Psyche came and kissed my brow,
And fanned me with her velvet-purple wing,
As o'er some clustering vine-leaves, fit to cling
Around the thyrsus of a festal king,
I watched Aurora twine her golden threads ;
And as I sit and love the flowers and skies
The redbreast looks at me with trustful eyes
And no bright blossom trembles as I pass
With heedful steps across the dewy grass.

Is it some mighty life that ranged untamed,
Companion of the winged serpents dire,
Till chaos all the lawless region claimed
And cast them down to feed the central fire
Or locked them into one vast stony gloom ?
Or is it some great conqueror of the dead
Whose sceptre o'er a boundless empire flamed,

Wearing away his solitary doom ?
Or is it some young vigour nursed and bred
For human birth in ages yet to come,
Some giant-hearted giant-handed king,
Who under one control shall bring
The peoples of a continent yet to be,
Which shall arise out of the foaming sea ?
Or is it the elaborate signature
Of aims fulfilled or broken, weal or doom,
Of a strange sphere which yet finds room
Here or beneath and only can put forth
For human eyes such tokens to endure
Unspelt till ages unborn shall complete
The electric circle, and each sphere be meet
For mutual knowledge, and beyond its marge
Shall overflow, and the rapt eye shall greet,
In forms before not understood,
Heraldic histories of pregnant mood,
Till the long past be present and enlarge
With confluent stream the world's advancing flood.

Or was it the divine Mnemosyne
That drew the life from out some noble deed,
And with an unknown subtle force
Breathed it within a vigorous seed,
And caused it thus to stand and be
The monument and ever seminal source
Of that which else would die and be forgot,
As is the silent lot
Of many a high and passionate endeavour,
Sealed to its youngest first reality,
Which fades to a blank nought,
And is not even a thought,
Because no Clio with her busy reed
Has traced it on her roll to live for ever?

For once, while walking in a desert place,
Under the blue of an October day,
Mourning and wondering as the spray
Of dying leaves and blossoms fell around
And coloured all the ground
When the wind shook the bowered space,

Fell on me then a joy intense
And opened all my inward listening sense
To hear what in his wild etherial way
The kind oracular Hermes had to say.

He taught me how each primal plant and flower
Was born by a divine behest
To germinate and grow to be
The endless memory
Of some great victory of chaste youth
Or manly love or virgin truth,
And so shall be a never-failing power,
Stronger than chiselled stone or name,
A ceaseless fire of genial flame
To wake the virtue in the unconscious breast.

Thus the love-born, red-petalled rose
Or lily that in unstained whiteness blows,
The child of stern heroic chastities,
Shall touch the eye within the eye that sees
The eternal meaning and then guides the will,
The centre of the soul,

By desert paths and o'er a painful course,
Till the track leads over the naked hill
On to the end where the grey ocean line
Sleeps in unbroken calm and the waves pine
No more and cease their sad laborious roll.

Alas! the heedless murmur of the wood!
Alas! the hurry of the wilful stream
Shattering its reckless waters on the rocks!
The wind is waking from its drowsy mood
And lifts the gloomy forest's haughty locks
As if to wake it from a lonely dream
And rudely gaze its beauty dark and proud!
Me they despise or mayhap cannot hear!
The world is growing old! Great Pan is dead!
And all the gods and all the ghosts are fled!
So flees the night at sundawn, let them flee!
Angels of truth have stirred the midnight air
With sounds more glorious than the seven-tongued
reed,
No lonely smiles are ours, no lonely tears,

And earth and heaven groan in our despair,
And travail with us in our weary need,
As past us flow the irrevoluble years.

Therefore I scorn to check my eager strain,
Or chide my fancy for an idle dream ;
Nor will I cease to hear in rippling stream,
And winds that wail along the wooded plain
Or whispering o'er the desolate upland flee,
And in each solemn-waving tree,
A mystery divine of life and heart.

Oh ! world of God ! I know not what thou art,
Nor what great harmony some heavenly day
Shall wake and thrill in every mutual part,
From all to one, through every fine degree,
With utterance full and conscious life intense,
Answering the clear touch of my purer sense
As throbs the shore beneath the breathing sea.

THE LABOUR OF LOVE.

WOULD that the air were bleaker on this shore !
It breathes too gently, for my heart is sick
With forced society of human ills
Too strong for good men's love, in crowded streets
Where peace and hope are strangers. I have been
Till now as in a dream, a happy dream.
The morn is come, the wild and dreary morn,
And that soft vision of a home of joy,
Crowded with cheerful faces, young and old,
Beneath a slowly changing sky from dark
To light, from light to dark, but always calm,
Is gone : I am awake ! And as a man
Who roves exulting underneath the dome
Of some vast temple, pierced with distant aisles
And thronged with echoes, bounds with careless
step
Adown the marble stairs, where giant glooms
Wave their broad wings, or upward gazing stands,

Where the vault hangs above him near the stars,
Till from the obscure depth rises, like the moan
Of wind-urged seas, one many-voiced complaint
From wailing multitudes, and all his heart
Answers and faints, struck through with human
woes ;

So have I revelled in the wondrous space
Of this most glorious temple, earth and sky,
And drunk with passionate soul its harmonies,
But in my troubled ear, alas ! henceforth
The miserere thrills from countless tongues,
And in my deepest soul is born a sense
Unknown before, a tragical desire
To plunge into the battle of the world,
And live and die in conflict with man's woe :
Oh ! fruitless wish ! for every life cast there,
Seems vainly lost in that tumultuous sea,
As when a pebble by a child is flung
Against the hurry of the rising tide ;
Yet if in vain, how can that voice be true

Which sounds eternally from heaven, and fills
All haunts of men, all far-off solitudes,
And thrills that inner heart within the heart
Which beats in secret sympathy with God,
To die for others is the highest life,
To live for self is the most shameful death ?

Ye mountains, whose stern limbs are thinly
clothed

With gorse and purple heather, rising steep
Above the dusky haunts of gentle streams !
Ye gentle streams that steal in noiseless fear
Beneath that awful shade, or through the gloom
Make pauseless haste till o'er some precipice,
Ye flash into the cheerful light ! Thou sea,
Spread in the calm like the thin delicate haze,
Which the young Autumn timidly o'er glades
Among the woodland slopes is wont to fling !
And thou mysterious all-o'er-arching sky,
Whose language none can read, now coloured deep
With amethyst and ruby, thy warm air

Seeming more solid than the waveless sea,
Save where those tints of pink and orange melt
Into the cold abyss of eastern blue !

Ye mountains sky and ocean ! ye should teach
My reverent listening ear, perhaps more quick
From converse with man's sorrow now to pierce
Your parables and learn how best to love.

For ye are preachers of the infinite Word,
And that calm patient strength which seems your
soul

Flows from that secret source which overflows
Eternally and rules and quickens all.

In Him, by whom all things were made, was
life,

And the life in Him was the light of men.

Oh ! Thou whose love has coloured every rose
And built the hills and spread the shining seas
And sent the rivers rolling o'er the world,
Thy works are but the various veils and forms
Of spiritual truth most fit for man,

And he who will be lowly like a child
Shall learn to see all beauty heavenly wise
And find it a most sweet and noble work,
Far nobler than the glory of a king,
To be a servant and interpreter
A minister and prophet of Thy world !
For it is better to be slow and mean,
One of God's quiet workmen in His work
Of gradual conquest over sin and woe,
Than fashion for one's self some lofty pain,
Some brilliant suffering to blaze out and die !
The One all-wise is working and 'tis wise
To love and work with Him in perfect trust
That, as the morning wrestles with a bud,
Urging its shy reluctance with a force
As shy until, we know not when, the folds
Unbind their close embrace and all the flower
Opens its glories to the conquering sun,
So love shall quicken the deep life of good
Which lies beneath all evil, and shall warm

At length the cold heart of this froward world.
Love can lay strong foundations painfully
Whereon the famous shall uprear high towers :
Love can sing sweetly like the nightingale
No matter whether it be heard or no :
Love can breathe perfume like the violet
Amid thick leaves in forest wildernesses :
Love can waft gently, like the wind of spring
That froths the crisp waves eastward, singing low
Among the reddening boughs, and whispers round
The mossy cottage eaves in April dawn
 wooing the children, in their dreamful sleep,
To stray down primrose lanes, and watch the bee
Suck honey dew, and soothing that bright eye
That aches with visions of an early grave
Till hope revives and at her cheering smile
Another round of seasons seems to roll,
The hedge may whitens, and the hay falls thick
Over the summer scythe, and when the mist
Of golden autumn deepens in her dream,

Then far into the distance seems to die
The visionary wind and o'er her brain
Cool slumber steals.

Thus love that needs no thanks
Or answering kindness, nor desires reward,
Works her benignant wonders unobserved,
And turns unnoticed the excited stream
Of narrow care into a wider course
And easier channel : nor can height or depth
Or breadth discourage Love, which overleaps
Or searches bottomless abysses, or soars,
And overpowers whatever force would stem
His rightful conquest.

Even as the moon
Rises above the curves of envious hills,
Between jet pines and hoary clefts of rock
Streaks all the lawny glades with silver film,
Floods with white glory night and all her clouds,
And paves the impatient sea with glistening pearl,
So Love subdues with noiseless gradual course,

From slow beginning to a perfect end,
And turns the darkness and disquietude
Of adverse circumstance to means of joy.

Once from God's central glory Love came down
With songs of triumph in the night to conquer :
And shepherds gathered round a helpless babe
Lying asleep, clasped to the anxious breast
Of a wan girl last eve arrived foot-sore
From rustic Nazareth far beyond the hills :

And on the ground, within a pillared court,
Among long-bearded sages, sat a boy,
As ignorant and athirst for whatsoe'er
They deigned to tell, and one most aged and kind
Laid on his locks a withered hand and urged
Free question, but the tender voice enquired
Meaning of dread predictions of a man
Of sorrows by whose stripes was healing ; all
Gazed mute until the mother came and called
And at her call he left them wondering there :

And with a pale weak man a woman talked,

Grudging him water, as at burning noon

Beside a well he sat, against a palm

Leaning his head which drooped, but when he
raised

His eyes and spake, she blushed and faltered, then
Ashamed stood weeping unaccustomed tears :

And in a desolate place where by a cave
Shaded with cypress, tangled grass and weeds,
Crushed four days since, were venturing now
again

Their flowers, walked one with brimming eyes
between

Two mourners, stepping noiselessly, as worn
By useless grief and seeking to console
Silent despair with silence, till his eyes
Flashed sudden lightning and a few slow words
Pealed from his lips, and the awakened dead
Wondering and listening groped into the light :

And on a bleak rock drooped as in a swoon
Beyond the moonlight, in a frowning shade,

One who had nearly lost all hope, alone,
And would have died of loneliness and grief
Had not a brightness touched him from the sky :

And on a rough cross with red mangled brow
Uplifted, a bare form, moist with death dew,
Against the uncertain clouds next morn hung
slack,

And a thick blackness hushed the gibing crowd,
And a voice pierced the blackness, a low wail
As of one utterly forsaken, falling
Down everlasting night empty of God !

And all were lost had not the trembling lips
Parted again with eager cries of " Father " !

And in a cold bare chamber newly hewn
In the white rock, a rigid corpse lay, bound
With grave-clothes hand and foot ; one silence
ruled

The stern monotonous hours, no shade, no change,
The light, the day, the air, all ghostless, dead,
Yet death itself seemed dead, a suicide !

And hope watched peaceful for the third day's
dawn.

And thus Love conquered, rich in poverty,
In weakness strong, and strongest in the grave,
Turning back nature's wheels with steady hand
Or guiding skilful through unwonted ways,
Filling from secret urn the yawning void,
Bowing the head to bear aloft the world,
Drowning with still small whisper every shout
Of angry war and calling back the deep
Against the urging tides of death and hell.

UPWARDS.

GOD sent an angel to awaken Spring :
And on a ray shot from the morning star
He flew, where, light as snow fresh from the
clouds,
In a fair meadow falling to the south,
On drifted leaves of withered beech she lay
Under a holly sparkling in the dawn.
Her face was resting on one arm sunk deep
Into the plumage of a folded wing,
And o'er her cheek and brow flickered the light
In countless circles as the happy south
Breathed through the holly. Soft at first and low,
Then swelling to a louder strain, he sang
In concert with the undulating wind,
Which like the sea beneath a ship full-sailed
Bore on its variable tide the song.
And thus he sang as the dawn brightened,
“ Wake,

Fair Spring ! Fear not, the goodliest dreams are
true

Which globe themselves, world after world, and
float

Through the vast regions of thy prescient sleep :

Awake, and pour into the vacant sky

A flood of sapphire ! chisel out the clouds

Into the fretted galleries and domes

The radiant pyramids and crested towers

Thou sawest in that far glory whither fled

Thy trembling beauty from the summer's glow.

Fair artist ! wake ! and carve the rugged earth

Into some likeness of that florid sphere ;

Along the hills and down the vallies breathe

In dusky places violets, and drop

Kisses of primroses among the moss,

Unbind the rivulets, sprinkle the dews

And call the treble bugles of the east

To shiver palsied Winter's spell, and blow

A prelude to the melody of rain !"

Then, as the morning flushes mountain snow,
A tender crimson kindled in her cheek,
And through her limbs a wave of motion flowed,
And her lips parted with a sigh, and wide
Opening her eyes so bright no human gaze
Could fasten on them, in a weary mood,
As waking yet, she raised her head and shook
Long hair in chestnut waves and surf of gold
Over her bosom, and then musingly,
As in a half-bewilderment, she cast
Her eyes upon the ground, then leaping stood
And laughed with joy and spreading wide her
wings
Rose lighter than the air and o'er the woods
Passed slowly out of sight.

Where first she gazed
Ye felt the vital impulse, earliest flowers !
As then within the torpid earth ye lay :
And for your prosperous birth the sun uprose
Each morn and set each eve nearer the north,

And the moon travelled in her wavy path,
Tho' sometimes unseen, keeping watch, and stars
By their clear steady gaze checked the evil rage
Of those dark spirits that grope and seek to smite
With sudden strokes of blasting : for your weal,
The influence unexpressed save in the light
Of tempest wrought with subtle force to draw
From the gross mass that finer quality,
And mingle at the moment in due weight
And strict proportion those pure aliments
Which feed your proper life. Then, as all things
In this bright world seek to shew forth themselves
And live and die to God, ye glowed and rose
And opening out your blossoms frank and broad
Sunward ye gazed, and grew sunlike with rays
Of spotless white spread from a fount of gold.
Oh ! crowns of glory ! fair result of life !
Ye know not sorrow for ye know not love,
But yearning ever upward, by that law
Which lifts and ripens and transfigures all,

Ye weave your wedding robes and upward rise
Filled to o'erflowing from the source of light,
—Your highest heaven to contemplate the highest !
Till, fixed at last in rapture, ye reveal
The glory of your Maker in your own !

In a fair meadow falling to the south,
Lingering, I saw the busy crowd depart,
Which from the earliest morn to latest eve
Had reaped with priestly steel the sacrifice
The liberal earth had offered to the sky.
With even step the mowers silently
Pacing had strewn the innocent flowers and grass
In fragrant ranks upon the altar field
All through the long June day, till now the mist
Rose stealthily, and hid the prostrate dead
From the prying stars in one long level shroud.
And as I paced the meadow, looking west
To feed my eyes with sunset, for the sword
That keeps the garden of the tree of life

Had dropped and through the wide unguarded
gates

I saw the glades of Eden, slowly passed
Between me and the evening, clothed in white,
A pensive angel o'er the new-mown hay :
And on one hand she held a mossy nest
And o'er it arched the other soothingly,
Then down an avenue of whispering pines
She flashed from gloom to gloom, till in a space
Open to the sky she stood and raised her hand :
“Praise God,” said she, “poor lark ! tho' for thy
song

Of widowed resignation here no sky
Of morning waits thee, hearts that yearn towards
heaven

In love by sorrow purified like thine,
Will ever make themselves a fitting place ;”
“Praise God,” said she, “poor lark !” and he re-
leased

Shook his dark wings and fluttered for a time

Over his nest, then slowly rose and sang ;
And, as he rose and sang, the space around
Grew rife with visionary hues and lines
Of clustered columns in perspective vast
And far, and as he rose and sang they rose
And met in perfect arches, and the rays
Of evening quivered down the lessening aisles
That echoed every note, and still he rose
And sang, and into wondrous harmony,
Answering in subtle measure to his strain,
Music in marble, rose the holy place,
Till as the song returned upon itself
And wove the complications into one
Then passed away into an infinite joy
Unutterable, an ethereal dome
More fit for awful rapture than for sound,
Whitening the zenith, for an instant glowed
Then vanished with the song, and to the night
Left me and weeping silence there alone.
Then musing in myself, I understood

How all things, even the meanest plant or bird,
Thirsting for higher life, seek after God—
And seeking after Him grow beautiful ;
How that *within* makes that *without* its own
To manifest itself and like a King
Freely selects the best—the fittest form
In which to shew its character and life :
How sorrow—minister of Love—leads on
The noble suffering spirit through the dark
Into a clearer and a holier light
Nearer to God, and so turns loss and pain
Into a rapture which no earthly thing—
No temple voice or music can express :
And in the blessed Word which was made Life,
The Word of God—highest and heavenliest
Expression of His glory and His will—
I found transcendent truth beyond my dreams ;
How Jesus weeping teaches Martha, lost
In ignorant grief, to cast her love and faith
On Him, the Resurrection and the Life.

HILARION.

HILARION lived in Plato's cave, and saw,
Passing in shadow, now this way, now that,
Men's forms projected on the mystic rock
By the great light in which ideals move :
Sometimes stalked by a crowned gigantic shade,
Erect and lordly, followed by a train
With standards, all alike, monotonous,
Stepping as if to music, and anon—
A form with trailing garments, broad and proud ;
Then a long interval, as if men feared
To encroach ; and then a hasty throng, some mean
And stunted, and some crouching with stooped
heads.
One day the great light strangely glowed, and
there
On the white space remained a little while

A form in distinct outline, from the brow
Spines at all angles started, it was bent,
Not in subservience but in perfect grace
Of pity ; the lips moved, their delicate curves
Passed swiftly from command to sympathy,
From sympathy to command, and round the form
A throng of children drooped, and female shapes
Wringing their hands : then suddenly a thrill
Shot thro' Hilarion and he froze and trembled
And broke the spell ; he turned and sought the
day,

There stood the arch-ideal realized
Of noblest Good among the weeping crowd,
For one transcendent instant, and he heard
His name—Hilarion !—and then dazed and deaf,
By the unaccustomed sunshine and the sounds
Of real life, he blindly wandered on
And still, where'er he wandered, singly sought
If once more on that archetype supreme
His eyes might rest, and he might handle it,

And hear the voice. Through many years he
sought,

And knowing nothing but that he had seen
Suffering Perfection soothing sorrow, turned
Ever toward the sorrowful, and where
A child wept, or there stood a lonely man
Forlorn, he went and, ever silent, took
The drooping hand and pressed it : thus one day
He heard a voice of stifled low lament
And by the noise led onward, joined a crowd,
And there a little maid was being bound
To a black torturous engine, she, in tears
But patient, raised her streaming eyes and gazed
Skyward, Hilarion went and stood speechless
And took her hand and looked with her skyward,
And, answering nothing to the Judge, was doomed
To death with her, and found what he had sought.

EAST AND WEST.

Der Orient geht aus vom Objektiven, Göttlichen, der Occident vom Endlichen : aber beide suchen dasselbe, die Einheit des Göttlichen und Menschlichen.—DÖRNER.

WITH Zoroaster on a height sublime,
 Fit for an eagle's eyrie, sloping east,
 That ruled a vast interminable plain
 Sprinkled with cities as with dust of gold,
 I stood, and watched the divine sky broadening
 Filling and deepening with the soul of dawn.
 Above the purple convex presently,
 Unseen seraphic heralds thrust aloft
 Trumpets of fire with blasts of golden beams ;
 Then, withering the lesser light of stars,
 A crown appeared that pierced the chrystal space
 With dazzling spines, and then a countenance
 Awful with perfect calm and perfect power
 Slowly uprose and looked us in the face.
 Then Zoroaster kissed his hand and spake :

“Oh God!” said he, “Oh God! honour and
praise

And universal majesty be Thine :
Thy light is hidden under all that shines :
Before Thee flies all evil, and all good
Thou gatherest and sheddest from Thy face
On all the world below thee. Thou art good.
Thou breathest God into the soul of man.”

I stood with Cæsar in the Capitol
Upon the hundredth stair : the gilded walls,
Embossed with trophies of a conquered world,
Shone in the sunset, for 'twas now the eve
Of the fourth triumph : from the crimson west
A glory flashed upon the globe and bulk
Erect of the bronze image, large inscribed,
CÆSAR THE DEMIGOD. The conqueror gazed
Into the gorgeous sunset like his own
More splendid setting. “Now no more a man,”
Said one who loved him, “thou hast won a crown

Among the gods : to struggle up the steep,
Daring all dangers, crushing every power
That stemmed thee, by the dint of iron will :
This is true glory : this the highest life :
To spurn the earth and claim a throne in heaven."

I stood with one drooping and faint with grief,
In a strange darkness, on Mount Calvary ;
And there at Him who hung upon the cross
We gazed intent, until all other forms
Seemed as mere ghosts that flitted in the mist ;
And from his countenance, pale and dropped with
 blood,
Flowed spiritual light, clearer than dawn,
Tenderer than sunset, stronger than the noon :
And he who drooped beside me whispered low ;
" Here heaven and earth meet, Truth and Mercy
 here
Embrace, and Righteousness and Peace have
 kissed.

As from a throne, the perfect conqueror
Draws from his cross the world of sinful men
Into his heart, not tramples under foot.
Opening his hands, he fills with endless good
All creatures from his wounds of sacrifice.
Here is a will all free, to live or die,
To rule or serve, to dive to lowest hell
Or rise to highest heaven. East and West
Meet here. God yearning after man and man
Yearning for God, in this one perfect love,
In this one perfect life and death, are one."

THE PALM TREE.

I FELL one sunrise from the parent tree
And dropped into a sparkling rivulet,
And danced and leaped and hurried all the day
With the bright music over silvery sand
And under mossy stones. The stream all gold
Beneath the yellow morning slowly changed
To richest sapphire, then the glowing noon
Flushed into evening, and ten thousand gems
Fired every facet of the diamond wave :
And when the last keen arrow left the west,
It quivered through the torrent as I fell
Sheer from the marble edge of the steep cliff
Into the green abyss. There was I lost,
I knew not day nor night. My only sense
Was of monotonous thunder, as the sea
Smote ceaseless on the granite shore. At last

Even that expired. I woke benumbed and deaf,
Seized by a mighty current, and from depths
Of boundless azure rose and felt the day.
Now on the smooth warm surface of the sea
I hurried on, and now tossed to and fro
Far down, in spaces vast, below the light
I weltered for a thousand tides. Sometimes
Wrapped in a mass of drifting weed, or caught
By broken boughs torn from the native tree
And flung abroad by the blind wind, sometimes
Alone I wandered on. The briny swarms
Flitted and flashed athwart with staring eyes.
Sometimes, when, fifty fathoms deep, the film
Of moonlight mingled and pervaded all
The dreary ocean with a ghastly white,
I dreamed long dreams of ages long gone by,
And in my dreams I felt ecstatic warmth
Breathe and then fade, then breathe and fade
again,
And saw above me fostering leaves hang down

And rise and droop, and rise and droop again,
Then fluttered fairy wings of moth and bird,
And all the air flashed blue and red and gold,
And various fragrance and a curious sense
Of countless gleams amused me till I woke.
At last one midnight suddenly there boomed
That same monotonous thunder I had heard
Ages ago a thousand leagues away.
Then broke a wild confusion, and the morn
Rose on the mad despair of giant waves
Mocked by the unflinching rocks. Whirled by a
burst
Of foam, I rose into a cloud of spray
And sank at last bruised on an oozy mass
Of weed which smoked and reeked upon a ledge
Under the noon, the hideous rotten bands
Broke, and I sank into a smothering depth,
And there I died. I died and rose again.
I rose again, in doubt if e'er I'd lived,
For all was new. Delicious vigour poured

Through all my frame. Firm and erect I stood
Grasping the coral with tenacious root
And yearning towards the blue and silent sky,
Nor only yearning, for I strained rich life
From that in which I had died, and from the air
I drank a chrystal ether, and I grew
Straight upwards. Every day I felt more free
And true and conscious of my inward self ;
And now I stand a perfect tree and gaze
Unwearied up to the clear heaven and far
Across that troubled sea which ceases not
By night or day to moan and hurry on.
I stand and muse upon the strange vast deep
In which I weltered helpless and alone :
Now not alone, for now my verdant leaves
Wave o'er delicious fruit. Take freely, eat,
Sit in my shadow, rest, and then set sail,
Behind the farthest line doubtless a shore
Awaits thee, and, if death, then life beyond.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THERE is more glory in the air,
More vastness in the sky,
The distance spreads more far and fair
Than ever to my eye :

I stand as quiet as a stone,
I dare not speak or move,
I feel mysteriously alone,
My heart is full of love :

I tremble lest a breath should break
The sleep of flower and tree,
My spirit only seems awake
'Mid nature's reverie.

Oh ! hour of rare unhopèd-for grace,
I scarce believe it true,
The veil is passing from her face
All in my happy view !

Would she but let her mantle fall,
And leave her beauty bare,
And shew the mystery of all
In earth, and sea, and air :

One awful moment would disclose
The secret which distils
Enchantment on the opening rose
And on the purple hills !

'Tis gone ! yon pattering leaf has broke
The magic of the spell,
Some watchful Dryad shook the oak
And startled all the dell !

The clouds sail on, the breeze blows free,
The earth is bright and glad,
The sun gleams flash from tree to tree,
And leave me dark and sad.

THE BEECH FOREST.

AWAY into the woodland maze
Ten thousand stems of branching beech,
Throng down the briar-tangled ways
And o'er the purple distance reach :

There hundreds crowd as if in dread,
And here a giant veteran rears
His massive bulk and stately head,
Scarred with the brunts of stormy years :

One, queen-like, in a flowery space,
Stands parted from the meaner crowd,
In slim and solitary grace,
And mantled in a leafy cloud :

Exuberant in sap and seed,
Each on its storied front can shew

To him whose eye hath skill to read,
A record rich in weal and woe :

To swell yon tower of haughty green
A genial summer smiled and wept,
And where those angry branches lean
Blasts of a sullen autumn swept :

E'en now I hear a million leaves
Shiver beneath the breath of fate,
And all the mighty forest heaves
With agonies of love and hate :

Above the broad and awful glooms
Which melt in sombre mystery there,
The anguish of a thousand tombs
Seems brooding in the solemn air.

In those innumerable gleams
Which sparkle through yon leafy screen,
A world of hope and gladness streams,
And dances in the quivering green :

Now, stirred by evening's fitful breath
The glades beneath its splendours burn,
Reddened with streaks of blushing heath
And waving with fantastic fern :

And now a gradual deepening gray
Calms every passionate mood to rest,
And grove and thicket fade away
Into one dark and silent nest.

Farewell ! my human eyes are dim
With sympathy I cannot quell,
I hear a subtle tumult swim,
And all the woodland sighs farewell

THE PINE GROVE.

THE bees are humming in the noonday flowers,
And busy airs among the poplars set
The leaves a-trickling like a rivulet
Or ceaseless pattering of September showers :

But when within this grove of sombre pines
I stand, no trivial noises strike my ears,
This is no place for laughter or for tears,
As yonder where the common daylight shines :

The solemn stems rise round me straight and tall,
They rise as if they once had pierced the sky,
And now their blasted summits throb and sigh
Like dim tide-echoes through a roofless hall.

Some winged gloom hath wandered from the sea,
And all the awful blackness overhead
Trembles beneath its trailing skirts, which spread
The rhythm of ocean billows on the breeze :

Or some sad spirit, like a child of song
Over his ruined harpstrings, comes to mourn
This psaltery of angels—now forlorn
Waste and neglected in this age of wrong.

Once hither came the sons of God and brought
The winds and thunders in their drooping wings,
And waving organs here and living strings
An ecstasy of boundless pathos wrought :

What wild mysterious raptures then were blown
Through these cathedral shafts ! what love and hope
Triumphed exulting through their endless scope
Now wrecked and broken, mossed and overgrown !

Like them, though clogged with sordid cares and
fears,

Our hearts have kept some chords unruined yet,
And thrill to that bleak music of regret
Which mourns the melodies of sinless years.

THE HAREBELL.

AH ! here we gain the purer air,
And yonder melts the distant view,
And in the heather blossoms fair
That flower of tender blue !

As ever, on the upland wild
Where spade and plough have never been,
As simple as a mountain child,
As graceful as a queen.

What dreams of youth those blossoms breathe,
When stretched upon some heathland high
I gazed upon the vale beneath
Or up into the sky ;

And in the clouds or distant bar
Of hazy sea or fading hill,
Found that which tells in something far
Of something farther still !

What hours of sweet enjoyment spent
 With those who now are far away,
Ye call to mind, when childhood lent
 A glory to the day :

When to that famous clump of trees,
 We climbed to see the sail-spread downs,
And thought we smelt the briny seas
 And heard the distant towns :

When later, with a little hand
 Clasped close and trustfully in ours,
We clambered upwards through the sand
 And named the summer flowers :

Till from the level summit bare
 Stretched all the fruitful Severn vale,
And long we gazed, while leaning there
 Upon the quarry rail !

Whence did ye win that tender blue ?

From distant glimpses of the sea,

Or from the gently fading view

That mingles hill and tree ?

Or do your buds attract the glow

Of heavenly azure from on high,

That pendent bells may cast below

The colour of the sky ?

As when the unconscious child from God

Breathes draughts of heavenly glory in,

For years mature to shed abroad

Upon this world of sin.

Something, I know not what, ye tell

Beyond the tongue of human art,

And fling from every silent bell

A music of the heart.

KITTY.

WILFUL Kitty will go out a-playing

On this pretty merry May morning,

And the brook will go humming to meet her :

Wilful Kitty forgets mother's warning.

Kitty stands on a stone and looks down,

And keeps saying, " I wont," and " I will,"

The brook looks up quietly at her :

Silly Robin, why sing you so shrill ?

Kitty throws down her clothes on the stone,

And stands in her little white smock,

The brook looks more quiet than ever

In the wavering shade of the rock.

Now the brook has grown tired of playing

It has hid Kitty under the stone,

And away it goes panting and humming :

Silly Robin, how silent you've grown !

A LANDSCAPE.

A DISTANCE dim of waving line on line,
The faintest yellow bathing purple hills,
One level bay, is it the sea or plain ?
Then a rich bloom of miles of rolling woods,
Edged with brown fields of corn, some heaped with
 cocks

And ready for the waggons toiling up
The sandy slope, some still unripe and low,
And here and there a farm with barns and elms ;
In a sweet nest of walnuts and rough thorns
Lies to the left a mansion red and gray,
Smoke from its thick-massed chimneys curls and
 fades,

And on the right an old round tower of stone.

Here as I stand it seems as if the life
I think I've lived had been a dream and here,

In this old mansion born and bred, those fields
Had been my haunts, and surely down that lane,
One evening after showers while odours rose
From secret violets, I met my love
And gained a promise sweeter than the Spring :
And one bright morning, seated on that stone,
I gazed my fill in richest solitude,
Till all the blessed hopes that thickly swarmed
From every object in the various scene
Clothed in the lichen of old memories,
Murmured like bees round ivy-mantled boughs,
And sleep stole o'er me, deep and full of dreams,
Which just now left me : or a sympathy
With some great love which broods over the spot
Has filled me with a thoughtful tenderness.

MARGARET.

1.

INTO the garden I walked : ne'er had I seen her
before,

Under a budding white rose she stood in the
shade of the door,

Quiet and pale was her face, but maidenly bright
were her eyes,

Fair as the newly-born moon when low in the
easterly skies :

There as I stood by her side my spirit grew happy
and free,

Would I had said what I thought, that none would
I marry but thee !

The far off bells were tolling, for 'twas some one's
funeral day,

And in the meadow close by the mowers were
mowing the hay.

2.

Into the garden I walked : but once had I seen
her before,
Vacant and still was the house, wide open was
standing the door,
Then silent and listening I went up to the curtain-
less bed,
Where she lay shrouded in white, all winterly,
lonely and dead ;
There was a look in her face, as if she'd been
thinking of me,
“ Dear Margaret,” then whispered I, “ none will I
marry but thee !”
And the far off bells were ringing, for 'twas some
one's wedding day,
And in the meadow close by the mowers were
mowing the hay.

3.

Silent and dark was yon lake as under the desolate
hill,

Lit by no gleam from the sky, it slumbered there
dreary and still,

Till with its swallow-like wing the wind in its
wandering flight

Touched into music the reeds, and broke it in
ripples of light :

Silent and dark was my heart, till suddenly thrilled
by the tone

Tender and pure of the voice which told me I was
not alone ;

Yet how I long to be dead, whene'er on a calm
summer day

The far off bells are ringing, and mowers are
mowing the hay !

MAY-TIME.

IN the fruitful mist of May,
 Blossoms whitening every bough,
Warble, blackbird, from the spray !
 I will sing as gay as thou.

Blushing bud and bursting seed,
 Joy that murmurs rich and low,
Life that teems in every weed,
 In my cheerful verse shall flow.

But there's something doth surpass
 All my effort to be gay,
Tenderer than the tender grass,
 Deeper than the sky of May.

As a bashful maiden's face,
 Though a cheerfulness she tries,
Saddens to a mournful grace
 Under love's beseeching eyes.

All the melodies of May
 Cannot lull the heart to sleep,
Warble, blackbird, from the spray !
 I will love and I must weep.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

DARK-EYED Memory ! sitting ever
At thy lonely casement window ;
Watching little children playing
Careless in a summer garden ;
Watching children picking cowslips
On a little sunny slope ;
Watching youths and maidens conning
Daily tasks, or wandering freely
All among the fields and flowers,
Or with eyes cast up to heaven ;
Watching figures ever passing
In the distance out of sight !
Let me bring another maiden,
Blue-eyed Hope with golden hair,
Let her take the seat before thee
Let her gaze the other way,
She will see again the children,

She will see the youths and maidens
And the figures that were lost,
Only she must wait till fitful
Flushes of a warmer sunlight
Pour upon the sparkling ocean
And upon the distant city.
Let me come at holy seasons
When my heart is pure and quiet,
Let me sit and let me listen
While you talk of what you see !

MORNING SONG.

1.

FRESH wind of the morning ! say, whither away ?

The dewdrop is bright on the fern and the briar,

The lark in the zenith soars higher and higher,

Across the broad sea burns a pathway of fire ;

Say, whither away ?

2.

Fresh wind of the morning ! say whither away ?

On the verge of the forest the aspen leaves
quiver,

The beards of the gray barley glitter and shiver,

The arrow-winged swallow is skimming the
river :

Say, whither away ?

3.

Fresh wind of the morning ! say, whither away ?

The long grass is glistening cheerily now,

The shadows are tossed from each wavering
bough,

The streamlet is rippling as merry as thou :

Say, whither away ?

4.

Fresh wind of the morning ! say, whither away ?

The noon will come quickly with hot heavy
beam,

The forest will droop in its southerly gleam,

And my heart will grow faint with some feverish
dream :

Say, whither away ?

5.

Fresh wind of the morning ! say, whither away ?

Oh ! lift me exulting and drift me with thee

O'er the leaves of the woodland and surf of the
sea !

To what distant mountain or isle shall we flee ?

Say, whither away ?

AN EXPERIENCE.

FOR a moment—as I laid my head
On the pillow of my quiet bed,
Came a feeling as if some one kindly
Led me onward—then departed blindly :
As if some one, wise and condescending,
For a moment to my weakness bending
Led me gently—for a moment only—
Then abruptly left me sad and lonely.
Did he think me his own charge, then finding
'Twas a stranger, left me, without minding
My dejection,—left me in my anguish ?
Was it kindly done to let me languish ?
First to cheer me, like an elder brother,
Then, as scorning, turn to seek another ?
Was it haply that my vessel fleeing
Free and careless o'er the sea of being,
On a sudden caught a breeze that fleetly
Blew it onward, for a moment sweetly,

The calm current which across the ocean
Breathes incessant with a steady motion,
Never fitful but for ever slowly,
To the islands of the pure and holy,
Then unguided my poor vessel drifted
In a moment where the tempest shifted
All its canvas with a sudden shudder,
For I knew not how to guide the rudder?
Was it haply love the best and highest
E'en in silence ever deepest nighest,
To prepare me for a coming sorrow
Which was brooding o'er the weary morrow,
By the faintest touch of pure volition
Stirred an eager trembling intuition,
Of a mighty presence all-providing,
For an instant, stooping, smiling, guiding,
Then as quickly as a word half-spoken
Left me yearning almost spirit-broken,
Doubting, listening, watching, upward-reaching,
And then sinking into mute beseeching?

THE MAID'S SONG.

1.

WE raised our oars and floated down the river,
And while we watched the ruby sunset fade,
We heard the reeds hum and the aspen shiver,
And the slow singing of a lonely maid,
And this was all the burden of her rhyme :
Farewell, youth ! farewell green days of summer
prime !

Oh Time ! oh false Time ! oh treacherous Time !

2.

From the tall weeds into the evening sky
A wild fowl rose and sped its silent way,
Lessening and lessening to the straining eye,
Into the crimson of the dying day,
And still we heard the burden of her rhyme :

Farewell, youth ! farewell green days of summer
prime !

Oh Time ! oh false Time ! oh treacherous Time !

3.

And now and then the fish leapt in the stream,
Rippling bright circles to the darkening shores,
And through the alder boughs we caught the gleam
Of the first star and then we dipped our oars,
And still we heard the burden of her rhyme :
Farewell, youth ! farewell green days of summer
prime !

Oh Time ! oh false Time ! oh treacherous Time !

THE FISHERMAN.

1.

THE ocean was bright
In the clear moonlight,
And the sail was flapped by a breeze from the shore,
And the playful joy
Of mother and boy
Merrily rang to the deep sea's roar :

2.

On the rock above,
With a look of love,
The Fisherman watched as he dried his net :
For a little space
He inclined his face,
And with a splash the boat was upset :

3.

He plunged in and sunk :
But the sea had drunk,
With a sudden thirst for the golden joy,
Her face that was fair
And the child's bright hair :
And both were gone : the mother and boy !

4.

He righted the boat
And set her afloat,
And along the moon's white path from the shore,
On the edge of the gale,
With a tightened sail,
He steered away, and returned no more.

LINES ON A PICTURE.

IN a sad prison, lighted sparingly
 With light direct from heaven, and sitting low,
 As if in shame, he bows his conscious head
 And listens to the lisplings of a child,
 A child who prays—and every simple word
 Pierces his stubborn heart, and every nerve
 Writhes with the memories of sinless home :
 Nor dare he look at her nor at the crock
 Filled with fresh water from his cottage well :
 For his own will has been his law, and now,
 The fields he ranged, the dew of early hours,
 The distance spread with freedom's cheerful hue,
 The sweet return from toil at glimmering eve,
 Are his no more. I know of one who stands
 Sometimes and gazes at that scene, and thrills
 And wonders in his heart and says '*Tis I.*

For once he ranged the open fields and knew
The joy of lonely rambles, once his foot
Sprang from the untilled turf, and mountain winds
Dashed the pure rain against his fearless face,
And, in the silence of fresh dawn, among
The fragrant dews of half-awakened flowers,
He watched the delicate morning leisurely
Rise faintly blushing from her dream of stars
And awful azure till on trembling wings
Of soft transparent fire she lit erect
At last upon an eastern hill awake :
Or from some hardy edge of rock, he gazed
Upon the far off ridges all a-blaze
With evening passionate and swift going down
To gather thunder from the nameless land
Behind the western distance and in clouds
To flare it o'er the anxious firmament :
But now, by heaven's mysterious chastisement
No longer free, he sits God's prisoner,
As in yon picture, and from children's lips

He hears that will which often he has spurned,
They feed him in their true simplicity,
They bring him water from the well of life,
They are what he must be and might have been.

He sits, and dreams, and yearns, and when he
sees

Others depart with careless tread and eyes
Bright with clear self-reliance, then he weans
His heart, even as a mother weans her babe,
And thinks the common joys of healthy life
Too high for him. Perhaps God means it all
For good, and 'tis his easy martyrdom.

ON THE DEATH OF A HAWK.

BEAUTIFUL hawk, thou art dead !
Shut up, forgotten, and starved to death !
At last thou art free and hast fled :
When I wooed thee I wasted my breath,
When I smiled and caressed thee, thou answeredst
again
With a shriek of hate
And a glance of bitter disdain
And a scornful defiance of fate.
“ Let me go,” thou saidst, “ let me go,
From this garden of thine
To the desolate heath that I know :
My wings are stiff and I long to rise
And be blown about by the wind in the stormy
skies :
I long to sit on a branch of the withered pine
That stands and scowls

Down on the marsh from the top of the hill.

And challenge the owls

When the sun goes down and the air is still."

Beautiful hawk ! I shall miss thy bright brown
eye,

And thy sad wild cry :

Thou didst pine

In this garden of mine,

Like a fish of the Arctic sea

In a gulf of the south, but at last thou art free,

No thanks to me !

To-morrow the sky will be overcast

And thou shalt be mourned by the blast

That blows from the north, and over thy grave

All night the storm will shiver and rave

And showers of sorrowful rain will fall :

But what matter ? for thou wilt not hear it at all,

And with the world we all shall go round

And thou wilt go with us under the ground.

DAMARIS.

THE gentlest of all the young maids of the village
Was poor rustic Damaris who lived on the hill,
When she met you, 'twas like a fresh breath of the
 morning,
When she spoke, it was like the clear voice of the
 rill.

Her hair was rich brown like the newly-ploughed
 fallow,
Her eye was clear blue like the noon of sweet May,
She looked with her lap full of flowers of the
 meadow

In the happy warm sunlight as artless as they :

When she sang a wild song of "A poor little red-
 breast,"

Her notes were so simple, so clear, yet so soft,

It seemed as if she stood there listening in silence

And the poor little red-breast were warbling aloft :

In the choir and the cottage her voice was the sweetest,

Trained to anthems seraphic of praise and of prayer,

So her spirit was tuned to the spirit of heaven,

And she learned its pure language before she went there :

For this world was too cold for our poor little red-breast,

A voice called, "Come Damaris !" she rose and obeyed,

And she went warbling upward to meet the bright angels

And left her poor village in silence and shade :

And oft when brown Autumn strews leaves on the
woodland,

And her birds sing of hope from the shivering
spray,

In my heart or the sky there's an echo which
lingers

A few precious moments, then trembles away.

YEARNINGS.

WHAT are ye hunting, wild waves of the ocean !
Like eager hounds chasing some quarry unseen,
Foaming and bounding in crowded commotion
Right onward, still onward, resistless and keen ?

What art thou gazing at, beautiful star !
With passion so trembling, so pure and so bright,
What central mystery wooes from afar
The thirst of thy diamond-like arrows of light ?

What art thou seeking, disconsolate wind !
Now sobbing, now sighing, now faint with despair,
O'er the lone moorlands what phantoms to find
Bewildered thus wanderest thou burdened with
care ?

What art thou yearning for, flame of the ingle !
Consuming the blackness with hunger of light,
Leaping and flashing, with what wouldst thou
 mingle
Updarting thy life away into the night ?

What art thou sighing for, poor bitter heart !
As lonely in crowds as in regions untrod,
Watching dim visions approach and depart,
Poor heart, is it rest, is it truth, is it God ?

AUTUMN.

DEAR pensive Autumn ! evening of the year !
Now from thy groves in sunsets bathed we borrow
Their russet hues and paint each falling tear
With tints of gold unowned by peevish sorrow ;

A tender glow to soften and assuage
Breathes o'er each wood and vale, each flower and
leaf,
Like the mild hope that calms bereaved age,
The doubt that soothes a child's first earnest
grief :

The radiant Summer's bold and dazzling eye
Now brightens other climes, for, like the swallow,
Her eager beauty came and glided by,
Leaving us here allured in vain to follow :

Nor need we grieve that all too speedy flight,
For Autumn comes, as came from Eden's bowers,
Perchance, to banished Eve, a seraph bright
At times with fragrant tokens of its flowers ;

In every sound beneath her misty sky,
In every gleam upon her golden hair,
There seems a glow of summers long gone by,
A tone left quivering on the lazy air ;

Those happy days are dead, but are not lost,
What we have been we never cease to be,
And where our bark was rudely tempest-tossed
Shines from afar a calm and sunny sea.

Oh ! stay, fair Autumn ! dear delicious dream,
Why must that crimson grove that clothes the
vale

Shed all its glories in yon chrystal stream,
And naked, shivering, meet November's hail ?

While yet thou lingerest teach me ere we part,
From hope-awakening calm like thine to borrow
That winning charm which soothes the mourner's
 heart
That happy smile in death, that hallowed sorrow.

LINES.

'Tis still, the sky, the night, the air is still !
And so too is my heart, and yet I weep
And am most deeply sad, such grief doth fill
The soul with a mysterious bitter sleep ;
Alas ! that all such beauty smiling round
Friendship, and love, and every gentle sound
Should dim with secret tears my sight,
In the sweet silent night !

Hope sickens, faith fades, even love doth weep,
All is too fair, and calm, and silent-bright,
Why do I still live on, why doth not sleep,
A last sleep, steal upon my sense and sight ?
And yet there is an ecstasy in sorrow
Such as this is—this heart which shuns to-morrow,
And these hot tears which dim my sight
In the sweet silent night !

A LAMENT.

I SEE the orange light of summer eves,
The black trees cutting the fresh open sky,
I hear the trembling of the poplar leaves
And my cheek feels the dreamy wind pass by :

Within my heart the unsealed fountain swells,
Stirred in their central caves the deep fires burn,
But this hard heavy world the straining quells,
And all my spirit groans at its return :

A lone isle blooming to the silent stars,
A wind-swept harp on a forsaken shore,
A captive peering through his prison bars,
A seagull caged that hears the ocean's roar.

WATERLOO.

THE sun shines bright on Waterloo !

O'er level mead and fragrant lea,

The truant child in lonely glee

Is chasing butterfly and bee

From flower to flower on Waterloo.

The sun shines warm on Waterloo !

The gnat hums in the sultry air,

In the tall corn the poppies glare,

The sky of June is brooding bare

O'er fold and farm on Waterloo.

The dawn is gray on Waterloo !

With clarion shrill and rolling drum,

Muster dim squadrons, stern and dumb,

The darkest, deadliest day is come

That ever rose on Waterloo.

The morning wakes on Waterloo !

In vain Spring airs and Summer showers
Have nursed those gay unconscious flowers,
For gloomier clouds and bleaker hours
Untimely burst on Waterloo.

A day of wrath on Waterloo !

The bold shall stagger like the blind,
The lion flee like hunted hind,
A stronger than the strong unbind
A captive world on Waterloo.

The sun shines red on Waterloo !

The headlong battle's fierce delight
From Houg'mont's towers to St. Jean's height
Rolls like a sea of dazzling bright,
To and fro on Waterloo.

The sun goes down on Waterloo !

The fields are wearied with the roar,

The trampled corn is wet with gore,
And stark and scorched the flowery floor
That waved so gay on Waterloo.

The rain falls cold on Waterloo !

The dying soldier turns on high
His painful glance to yon chill sky,
And meets alone the awful eye
Which gazes down on Waterloo.

A SUMMER EVENING'S DREAM.

IN the long evening of a summer day,
While the last rosy light was slowly fading,
To a sad sleep I wept myself away,
Wearied with melancholy self-upbraiding ;

And in a dream I wandered by a river,
Where bordering willows watched the sluggish
wave,
Which, as it flowed, kept a low moaning ever,
Chiding the meadow flowers it loved to lave ;

Along the bank, with lingering lazy motion,
Wandered a maiden tall and nobly fair,
Her form and features roused my heart's devotion,
But much I mused to see such beauty there ;

Her long fair hair streamed carelessly and low,

Her large eyes gleamed with many a swelling
tear,

But, as I met her glance, she moved less slow,

And, smiling, met me without pause or fear ;

I gazed upon her face so fair and sad

Until for her my heart with love and grief

Seemed bursting, but she spoke with accent glad,

And, as she spoke, in tears I found relief ;

At last I've met thee, many a weary day

I've wandered o'er the paths of this lone place,

And wished and waited for thee, what delay

So long detained thee from my fond embrace ? ”

And then she kissed my eyes, and on the ground

We sat together, and she laid her head

Upon my shoulder, and her hair unbound

Fell to my knee, and looking up she shed

From her mysterious gaze a moist pure light,
And as she clasped me, though I had not
spoken,

Kept still repeating, " many a weary night
And many a weary day in toil unbroken

" Have I sought for thee, hast thou come at last ?
Thou shalt be mine," and then her cold pale
cheek

She pressed against my face, and, locking fast
Her chilly hand in mine, she ceased to speak ;

That slow and solemn voice, the tears I shed,
Those eyes from which the moon her light might
borrow,

Kept me long speechless, but at length I said.

" What is thy name ? " " My name," said she,
" is Sorrow."

SEQUEL TO A SUMMER EVENING'S
DREAM.

AND, after twenty years, again I dreamed,
And I and mine were walking side by side,
'Twas sunshine after showers, and brightly gleamed
The rain-gemmed heath and forest far and wide :

And slow-paced clouds were drawing mighty
glooms
Over the vale through which our road had passed,
But where the cypress marked a place of tombs,
E'en as I fondly gazed, a light was cast :

And as we walked, I dried some hasty tears,
And smiling watched the cheerful soothe the sad,
In mutual truth they lost fatigue and fears,
In sympathy more happy than the glad.

Our downward path wound through a woodland
dell,

Where a broad chestnut reared his lofty head,
And near it ceaseless dropped a living well
And all around a lawn-like verdure spread.

Though ploughed by many a wind, its branches
made

A shelter where a hundred kine might browse,
A lavish feast of luscious light and shade
With salt and bitterness of rugged boughs ;

A tower o'er which the seas of strife had rolled.
A world of life with many a mossy nest
Safe in its dark recesses, calm and old,
It stood, like Abraham, offering shade and rest :

And there we knelt and prayed, then one broke
bread

And filled a cup with water from the well,

We ate and rested when our meal was spread,
While o'er the forest glades the noontide fell.

And down the vale the approaching form we saw
Of one I knew, with modest steps and slow
She came, and o'er us stole a gentle awe,
As when the wind in moonlight whispers low :

A warm sweet Autumn brown was on her cheek,
Her deep eyes glowed with matron love benign,
Like the calm Shunamite resigned and meek,
She seemed to say, " Thy will be done, not mine !"

She sat and talked of all our toilsome way
And all the toilsome way we yet must roam,
Till doubt and care shall cease some certain day,
And every sufferer find his Father's home :

We talked of Job beneath the unsparing rod,
Once king of comforters, discrowned and bare,

Gazing across the desert, sure of God,
In friendless anguish conquering despair :

And of the sad Naomi, like a ship
Wrecked on a bitter sea, yet through the foam,
Prayer in her heart and on her trembling lip,
Led with true Ruth into a stormless home :

Of Jacob, how for his lost son he wept,
And all his years in dark forebodings passed,
Wrestling till dawn, and, fearing, trusting, slept
Father of fathers ! in Thine arms at last :

And of repentant David, o'er his lyre
Bending with tangled beard and streaming hair,
Emptying his mighty heart of all its fire,
And burning upwards in a flame of prayer :

And of Augustine by his mother's bier
Yearning with tearless eye from where she lay,

To those dread heights where late in holy fear
Their eagle souls had winged adventurous way :

While thus we talked our hearts within us burned
And when, as evening made our converse cease,
One asked her name, this answer she returned,
“ Men call me Sorrow, but God calls me Peace.”

SHELTER.

As in the thirsty wilderness the hart
Pants for the shady waters far away,
As the wild dove stricken by the fowler's dart
Flies to the lone glen, darkened from the day ;

So I desire, with thirst and pain oppressed,
To turn aside from the tumultuous crowd,
And seek pure waters and a separate rest
Beneath the secret shadow of thy cloud ;

My heart is worn and weary, and my eyes
Are dim with weeping all the long slow day,
Loading the wind with melancholy sighs
I yearn in vain to weep my life away—

But there are times when the blue sky is clear,
And I have roamed from where the many be,

When, wafted to my spiritual ear,
I catch some murmurs of a distant sea,

At early morn or solemn even time,
That sound comes low and clear across the wild,
As swells from some grey tower the village chime,
Like dear home voices, to a wandering child :

Alas ! those times are few, my ear is dull,
That happy shore is very far away,
The early loved, the meek, the beautiful,
Have gone, and left me here alone, to stray ;

But Thou art near ! Thou seest, hearest me !
From deep within my heart a thrilling tone
Rises in concord with that mystic sea,
I am not left ! I am not all alone !

ON TAKING POSSESSION OF A NEW
STUDY.

THUS, Lord ! from stage to stage Thou ledest on,
Sometimes a hut, sometimes a splendid dome,
Shelters us weary on our journey home,
Sometimes a gourd, no sooner grown than gone :

But we, poor fools ! each time we lay aside
The cloak and staff, look round and sigh or smile
As the night's lodging looks superb or vile,
And say that here at last we shall abide.

Oh ! could we see the place which Thou hast
planned

For those Thou lovest, we should never rest
For more than needful solace in the best
And richest wayside inn of all the land :

And we should be so wholly fixed and bent
On a safe issue, we should hardly see
The bed or board, our only care would be—
Is this the way the Man of Sorrows went ?

“TOUCH ME NOT.”

WHEN at deep dawn the Magdalene
 Stood wildered by the open tomb,
 “Mary !” she heard,—the sound as keen
 As lightning pierced her spirit’s gloom :

All eye, all ear, with heart on fire,
 She turned to clasp the Lost and Found,
 But stronger than her warm desire
 Beamed from that eye a calm profound :

Calm, deeper than the calm of death,
 Of Life, beyond the touch of sense,
 Of Love, a new creation’s breath,
 The secret of Omnipotence.

Henceforth to her and all His own
 All things, even He—the Christ,—were new,
 And by the quickening spirit sown,
 The Risen Life within them grew.

And, Lord, in this our gloomy morn,
When touch and ear and eyesight fail,
Call each by name thy sheep forlorn,
And take us all within the vail !

Teach us the length, depth, breadth and height,
The Love which conquers death and sin,
And lead us to the Living Light,
The Spiritual Christ within !

THE TIRED CHILD.

DEAR mother Sleep ! 't has been a merry day,
But I am vexed and tired with all my play,
And long to creep into thy breast
And sink to silent rest.

Dear mother Sleep ! my pretty toys are broken,
Here's pleasure, health, and hope, and many a
token :
Our play has been too rude and rough :
'Tis late, we've had enough.

'Twas on thy breast I lay, dear mother Sleep ?
Before I'd ever learnt to laugh or weep,
And now I'll rest there all the night,
Until to-morrow's light.

Thou art most sweet ; I turn to seek thy breast
Away from all the dearest, kindest, best,

Because thou art so soft and still,
And I am tired and ill.

Dear mother Sleep ! they tell me that to-morrow
Will be a perfect day without a sorrow,
That we shall play in a green place
Before our Master's face.

For He has gone before us to prepare
A larger garden in a purer air,
That we may all together stay
Close to Him all the day.

'Tis darker now : I'll try to think I see
The Master's countenance bending over me,
Smiling from out a flood of light,
Arched by a rainbow bright.

They say that He embraces all who seek
His gentle arms and that He loves the weak ;
I am so weak no tongue can tell :
Dear mother Sleep, farewell !

TO A. H. ON HER MARRIAGE TO THE
BISHOP OF S. L.

How oft, when summer suns were low,
Along that bounded woodland scene
Thy thoughtful eye has wandered slow,
And studied all its varied green :

Trim gardens of the twining hop,
Corn, fallow, copse, and pasture fill
The distance to the rounded top
And bare curve of the dusky hill :

Thy daily steps in childhood's hour
Followed as free each airy wing
That flitted gay from flower to flower
Rich with the juices of the Spring :

Thy daily gaze, when roaming lone
Or with thy sisters hand in hand,
Dwelt on each blossom newly blown
In all the dear familiar land :

Till, when maturer thought grew keen,
Some still day, like a falling river
Gushed on thee all the glorious scene
Stamped on the brain and soul for ever :

And, in God's time, His living Word
Pierced all thy conscious spirit through,
Till burst the heart's strong utterance, " Lord !
" What wilt thou have thy servant do ? "

Thus nurtured in a house of prayer,
And fed with beauty, love, and truth,
Thy watchful Master did prepare
For bolder life thy tender youth.

How little then conceived thy heart
A wider stranger home could be
Destined for her who chose her part
So close beside her mother's knee !

That He who stretched without a bound
The sky o'er mountain, vale, and plain,
Had traced for thee a line beyond
The billows of the southern main !

Or did thy fancy ever stray
To fair Sierra's sunny strand,
And see the dusky children play
At eve upon the golden sand,

And hear the rich Yorùba pour
Joy wild as the exulting sea
And welcome from the crowded shore
Each rescued brother bounding free !

Thy work is there ; fear not to drink
The cup thy Lord did not forego,
Seek jewels in the dust, nor shrink
From contact with the mean and low.

Now test thy handicraft, and rouse
Thy seraph skill in sacred arts
To fashion for the Master's house
The thrice-tried gold of suffering hearts.

Thy winning smile, like morning light,
Must many a darkening cloud unroll,
Thy pitying tears, like dews of night.
Soothe many a parched and wasted soul ;

Like fountain murmuring o'er the sand,
Thy voice must woo to waters pure ;
Like standard raised, thy lifted hand
Must guide the wanderer straight and sure.

Glide swiftly, gallant ship ! the sails
That wing thy flight have ne'er before
Swelled with such unreluctant gales,
Or wafted richer freight ashore.

Ah ! gathered fresh at morning tide !
Alas ! the odour fills the air,
But when we move the leaves aside,
The violet hangs no longer there.

A plaintive tone shall thrill the grove,
A sadness linger on the lawn,
For the lost murmur of the dove
And missed step of the timid fawn.

Go to be blessed and bless, the bride
Of firm endeavour, sacred zeal,
Watch ever at the shepherd's side,
Seek the young lambs, and soothe and heal.

Hardly relinquished ! slowly given !

The precious daughter, sister, friend,
The chain has been unclasped not riven,
Farewell ! we look beyond the end.

PICTURES OF HEAVEN.

FAIN is my tongue to talk of thee,
Term of my heart's intense desire !
Far haven of yon azure sea,
Beyond those isles of fire ;
Orb of God's central awful grace !
Thy brightness, like a glory cast
Before the unseen Father's face,
Sleeps on the circling vast.
Trembling and dim the splendours glow
Above these deserts far away,
As sundawn when the clouds are low
Gleams through a veil of gray :
Sometimes within the dreary haunt
Of weeping guilt thy tokens steal,
Or o'er the pallid features slant
Where death alone can heal :

Like angels' wings we see them glide
Across our bleak and lonely ways,
Or, sweetening holy converse, slide
Athwart our mutual gaze.
Now from that dark profound serene,
Each dim prophetic sight and sound
Comes o'er my raptured spirit keen !
I stand on holy ground !
Successive visions strike my sense,
Some glow and pass, no record stays,
Some linger ere they vanish hence,
And brighten while I gaze.

1.

In silence of a perfect dawn,
Roses of Eden flush the glade,
With trees of life the emerald lawn
Waves cool in healing shade.

2.

Within the coral crowned with palm
While on far rocks the breakers wail,
A ship lies mirrored in the calm
And drops her useless sail.

3.

Flashing its golden pavement fires
A sun-bright city glitters stern,
'Mid cedar groves, star-pointed spires
O'er domes of diamond burn.

4.

O'er barren sands cool water flows,
Fresh roses blossom, showers sing,
The drear Sahara heaves and glows
To greet its primal spring.

5.

A messenger by trackless ways,
Through silent ether's teeming space,
Abysmal gloom and astral blaze,
Bears the glad sign of grace.

6.

The godless writhes in hard despair,
An unseen brother soothes and cheers,
And baffling every curse with prayer
Waits for the peace of tears.

7.

An ocean rich in mystic store
Foams broad and free for every sail,
And eager children from the shore
Launch to the seaward gale.

8.

O'er wistful eyes darkened with awe,
A seraph bends, mature, benign,
Leading from law to higher law,
From sign to higher sign.

9.

Thousands of thousands ceaseless glide
In towards a space of chrystal white,
A rainbow globe, a boundless tide,
Brightening to perfect light.

10.

A fount with ever widening marge,
A river broadening to a main,
A ceaseless Autumn ripe and large
And rich in genial grain.

11.

Father and child ! the mist of years
Floats like a glory round each face,
The bitterness of many tears
Lost in one long embrace !
Each to distincter self defined,
Yet opened to a larger sense,
Eye piercing eye, mind searching mind,
With star-like effluence.

12.

A noon of peace ! the summer-bloom
Of love, without distrust or fear,
A Bethany without a tomb !
A home without a tear !

13.

Oh perfect joy ! oh peerless grace !
To see—to hear—the Eternal Word,
To gaze at last upon that face,
For ever with the Lord !
A maniac loathing all and loathed,
Whose agony no chain could bind,
Now at his Saviour's feet and clothed,
And in his perfect mind :
Sphered in a deathless form of light,
All weight of gladness strongly borne,
All calm, no fear, all day, no night,
One endless Easter morn !

IN the holy morning light
Came a choir of angels bright,
Ere the rising of the lark,
When 'twas neither day nor dark,
And the winds of dawn blew wild,
They kissed the mother and the child,
Breathing on the infant's face
Gentle wafts of secret grace,
Then they stilled the beating heart,
Checking life in every part,
And with heavenly tenderness
Eased it from its heaviness :
Ere the little limbs were cold,
Lightly did its wings unfold,
Yearningly it gazed a space
On that calm unconscious face,
As if still it could prefer
Nought in earth or heaven to her,

Passed then with the angels bright
Upward through the struggling light ;
Then the sleep which on her lay
From the mother ebb'd away,
Eagerly she hushed her breath,
Silent—silent—silent death !
Oh ! short bliss ! Oh ! long distress !
Sweeten, Lord ! the bitterness !

LIKE a bright vision in the air
 She filled our gaze, and passed away
 As quietly as when a star
 Melts in the gradual dawn of day.

So near,—but one step intervenes
 Between her and our warm embrace,
 So far,—the world and all its scenes
 Exclude the brightness of her face :

So near and yet so far ! no sign
 Of that which in the ambient air,
 Or in the lines which interline
 Our range, but purer and more rare,

Or in the under space involved,
 Below the granite and the fire,
 Weaves all the warp, and doubts are solved
 Which on the surface vex and tire !

Was it not whispered 'neath a palm
Of Bethany, where sat the three,
Sunk into more delicious calm
Than lulls to rest a stormy sea ?

Or had he learned from fuller truth
That it is wiser to be dumb
Than mar a history in its youth,
By lore of progress yet to come :

Or did he fear to dim the glow
Of ignorant hope and bliss renewed,
By witness of the space below
And all its awful amplitude,

The strength and passion of the tide
Which rolls its millions from the shore,
And ever grows more deep and wide
Brighter and darker ever more :

Or was he powerless to unfold
God's moral mysteries high and dread,
Only in perfect silence told,
And to the immaterial dead :

Or was it all one chrystal thought,
Too large, too vital, too intense,
To be discerned by souls distraught
By gross realities of sense ?

Or did the heaven of life that poured
Abundant o'er his heart and brain,
When the deep music of that word
Thrilled all the harmonies again,

Flood every outlet of the past,
And drown the accents rising dim
From the new world, as in the blast
Of some transcendent organ hymn ?

And yet he rose to sigh and weep
And saw before him Love in tears :
Ah! happier she ! who woke from sleep
To perfect love, and free from fears.

TO A. AT SIX MONTHS OLD.

FAIREST of wonders ! who art thou

That makest all our darkness bright ?
Last spring we knew thee not, and now,
Thy smile is our supreme delight.

The star that o'er those violet hills

At evening lights its quivering fire,
With not such tempting radiance fills
The curious eye with strong desire.

What magnet drew thee downward here ?

What magic won thee from above ?
As bright and gentle as a tear
Of pity from the eye of love :

A flower among the rugged rocks,

Or silvery foam in Ocean's strife,
So tender thou among the shocks
And all the clumsy cares of life.

Yet we, who know from bitter years
What lies in front, must question still
How wide thy range of hopes and fears,
And what thy quality of will :

Has it a keen and subtle edge ?
Or is it of heroic grain,
To hold on high a priceless pledge,
And bear it safe through stress and pain ?

Into thine eyes we wistful look,
But cannot stay the wayward flow
Of soul, which, like the hurrying brook,
Will glance and shift and onward go.

Alas ! the rivulet must flee
Into that main which sounds afar,
We stand too low, and only see
The surf that chafes along the bar.

IN MEMORY OF S. R. P.

THE wind was fair : we put to sea,
With hearts and voices full of glee,
To wander westward far and free :

The lark sang near the rising sun,
Into the morning scarce begun
The stars were dropping one by one :

And, as we gazed into the blue,
Which every moment deeper grew,
Winged memories o'er us lightly flew :

With playful rudder like a toy
We steered our vessels, girl and boy,
And shouted o'er the waves our joy :

Or listlessly we watched the clouds
Brooding in distant files and crowds,
And listened to the thrilling shrouds.

Sometimes in evening calms there swells
A sound as if of distant bells ;
Sweet welcomes are they, or farewells ?

We know not whence the murmurs roam
If issuing from our native home,
Or that we seek beyond the foam :

We listen with an awed surprise,
And watch each other's sparkling eyes
Till answering tears begin to rise.

The free sea stretched for ever new,
Line beyond line of every hue,
To the far verge's richest blue :

And slowly in the summer air
Rose many an island green and fair,
And floating near we lingered there.

Why are no skies so clear as they,
No fields so fresh, no flowers so gay ?
Because they long have passed away :

Some joy with every moment dies,
The sun has set,—he cannot rise
So bright to deck to-morrow's skies :

'Tis but a little space, and yet
Our eyes are dim with new regret,
Some are not here who saw him set.

But then, with hearts by grief untried,
We bounded o'er the bounding tide,
Brother and sister—side by side.

Her voice so jubilant and clear,
Which little children loved to hear,
Was sweet from far and sweeter near :

But sweetest when the storm grew keen,
Telling how bright the bow was seen
And in the distance blue serene.

But now I strain my ear in vain,
No cry of loneliness or pain
Can wake that melody again.

Sister of every wounded heart
Thou well didst learn the sacred art
Of comforter, and such thou art !

But those dear eyes and placid brow
Are gone : we're parted—I and thou—
'Tis better to be silent now :

Yet if there be in purer air
Where sympathy can lessen care,
I know that I shall find thee there—

An angel from the Eternal Throne
To wipe the tear and check the moan,
Of those whom others leave alone.

GARDEN SONNETS.



I.

To change the flinty rock to flowing springs,
To make the desert blossom as the rose,
Is Love's own handicraft and his who knows
What secret melodies the angels' wings
Can draw from the brute world's unconscious
strings,

And like the first-born heaven-taught gardener
Listens and learns to tame the wild and stir
The barren soil to fruit of precious things :
Therefore bring hither pickaxe, hatchet, spade,
Let light in on the dying and the dead,
Hew down those ivied trunks and plant instead
Prolific trees, let culture crown the glade,
The old is good but there 'tis bad to rest,
For we must work through better to the best.

II.

THIS border which to the early morning lies
Shall be your refuge, dear old fashioned flowers !
Which filled with ecstasy my childhood's hours,
Sweet-williams in all quaint varieties,
Pinks and carnations ; surely such as these,
E'er all the beds with foreign blooms were gay,
Our great-grand-parents on their wedding day
Exchanged with bows and slow civilities :
Thus, as the centuries pass, what seemed most fair
Of house and board and gentle courtesy
And liberal-handed hospitality,
Is sold for time and coin, that men may roam,
The rare grows common and the common rare,
Truth seems too formal and too samely home.

III.

SEE on the lawn beneath the walnut's shade
Innumerable circles, where the light
Passes between the leaves. This mimic night
Has constellations of its own, some fade
Involved in dim perspective, overlaid,
Others are singly perfect, but, whate'er
The form of the interstice, each must bear
The image of the sun. Even thus arrayed
In varied fables of antique romance,
Unwearied he repeats his wondrous tale—
The epic of the day ; and thus my heart
Feels in the pathos of each hour Thy part,
Eternal Love ! and sees in all, tho' pale,
The imaged glory of Thy countenance.

IV.

As when a man has fixed observant sight
On beds of bright ranunculus or roses,
And cools not with heaven's blue his eyes, but
 closes
His lids awhile or gazes on pure white,
Each colour strangely gives its opposite,
For purple now pale yellow, and for green
Red, and for orange, violet is seen ;
So when for the last time his eyelids fall,
Then instantly these flattering scenes will change
Pourtrayed on that strict blackness, or unrolled
On truth's unspotted snow, and then to gall
Will turn these dainties, and his eye will range
O'er paltry cheats which glittered once all gold.

V.

LIFT then thine eyes and with them lift thy heart
Up from these fascinations, to that blue
Where the stars love to move, and whither dew
Rises with all pure things ! such holy art
Will keep thy spiritual eye from smart,
And save thee from the contrasts of despair.
That is the colour of the vital air
And of all depths, and in the cleft, where part
The awful thunder clouds, it promises
Calm, and from yon thatch rising dark it tells
Of fireside rest to wearied labour given,
And on the far-off hills, and on the seas,
And in the river flowers and coppice bells,
Of hope, of home, of distance and of heaven.

VI.

THE ROSE.

FLOWER of flowers ! Behold how beautiful
In unity for brethren thus to dwell !
Each fold diverse, in each one perfect rule,
Agreed one parable of love to tell,
All rapt in one celestial reverie,
Folding and cherishing one central well
Of health and odour, life and harmony !
Emblem of that which is the only One
In this divided world, in thee I see
The court imperial of the Eternal Son,
Wet with the tears of His redeeming smart,
The faithful concourse bending round the throne,
The close embrace of each enclasping part
Yearning to gaze into His open heart.

VII.

THE LILY.

FAIR Lily, white as that auspicious wing
Which signed that the world's flood began to
cease,
Emblem of perfect law and perfect peace !
Meet sceptre for the hand of Christ the King,
When on His great white throne o'er every thing
He reigns supreme and loves all heart to rest,
Thy fragrant blossoms, north, south, east and west,
Thy crowning buds and trinal secrets bring
A promise of that strong untroubled reign
When this well-balanced sphere at last thro' space
Subdued to faultless harmony shall roll
In time with the world's pulse, and every soul
Odorous of joy be ruled without a stain
Of partial difference in God's threefold grace.

VIII.

AH ! meddling wind ! one moment's vain caprice
Has snapped the fairest bud of yonder bower,
There Hope stood tiptoe, waiting till the hour
Of labour's languishing last pulse should cease
And perfect beauty born of perfect peace
Should kindle, and reveal a ruby spark
Of life eternal in this outer dark.
How shall I fitly mourn that sad decease ?
I cannot, for I needed but the sight
Of that rose full blown to mature a strain
Of festive gladness, but a sudden blight
Has now turned all my joy to angry pain :
I will not mourn, but into this my song
Transform thy beauty to revenge the wrong.

IX.

THE AVENUE.

WOULD'ST thou of holy Quiet be the guest ?
Pace here with upraised eyes and noiseless feet
Where those eternal arches rise and meet
Which taught the spiritual Goth how best
To lodge the Unbounded ! here in awful quest
Of light in the light of God, undimmed, unstained,
Thy spirit mounts, led upward yet restrained.
Thus far, no farther ; shade thine eyes and rest
One silent hour ; for here thou must not stay,
The sun is high, the world is rolling east,
All things are changing, thou too must away
And call the famine-stricken to the feast
And save the dying wretch, ere sinks the day.
Abandoned by the Levite and the Priest.



4

RIVER SONNETS.



RIVER SONNETS.

I.

STAY not fair river, in that lustrous height
Those uplands bare of homes and scant of men,
Where by the heron's nest and fox's den
Thou lingerest like a saint severe and bright
In solitude nor knowest the delight
Of happy voices in the busy vale :
There is less music in the mountain gale,
Less beauty in the unbroken arch of light,
Than in the low complaint of human love
And sloping cottage roofs staining the sky :
Fulfil thy law ! from high to lower move !
Like the great Father who comes down to lie
In the dust with all, and sends His brooding dove
To own the meanest men that sin and die.

II.

WHILE on this placid sabbath morn God's rest
Keeps the world breathless and this broad expanse
Untroubled, from the surface meets my glance
Immediate, asking no laborious quest,
The vast abyss of ether manifest,
Faint streaks of cloud and behind them the sky.
How close and yet how far beneath my eye !
Which gazing downward so can scan them best.
Thus from Thy spirit whither can I flee
Thou ever present ? to my inmost sense
I find Thee nearest, and reflected there
Untravelled depths of moral mystery :
How clear will be the glass, and how intense
The calm reflex in heaven's unclouded air !

III.

WRITTEN IN A BACKWATER.

STEER thither, let us see, if she permit
Sweet Nature in her idle mood, and linger
Amid this maze, where her fantastic finger
Has woven bough with bough, and watch her wit
Flash frolic contrasts : see that ripple, lit
With sunshine dancing through the moving leaves !
There floats the lonely moor-hen, and there cleaves
Yon sombre pool the king-fisher, with flit
And plunge that startles all the various greens,
To interchange of clear-obscure reflections :
Such variegated life no brush can paint,
No poet suit with fancies or affections :
Yet what a private awe lives in these scenes !
Is Nature here our playmate or God's saint ?

IV.

ON the bridge-rail she leans and gazes down
Into the lock : what sees she ? clouds and sky
And her own face, but memory's faithful eye
Sees beside her's another's face all brown
With honest labour not in the narrow town
But by the river side in forest ways,
And wistful eyes meeting her bashful gaze :
A step ! 'tis light and firm—no stupid clown
Or tripping girl—she will hold tight the bar,
Perhaps again, as once, his eyes will peer
Over her shoulder and again he'll press
For the answer which will reach so far—so far—
Into eternity : Oh ! silly tear !
He comes, 'tis he—what answer ? no or yes ?

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.



I.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

AH! whither wanderest thou, said I, sweet stream
Wilt thou leave me and this full blown array
Of heath and flowers all glowing with the day ?
Hast thou grown weary of the cloudless gleam,
And art thou stealing hence to sleep and dream
Of the pure height and ever-stainless snow,
The home of silence, whence thy waters flow ?
The brook replied, I am not what I seem,
I am the spirit of poor Charity :
It was not for myself I sought the light,
I go to flash it through that dark ravine
And wake its wondering echoes with my glee,
I only take to give, 'tis my delight
Unknown to gladden, and to sing unseen.

II.

TO M. Y.

I KNEW not at the first how great delight
From the calm Bethlehem of thy cradle flowed,
But when the next sweet April breathed and
glowed,
My loved first-born ! to my love-cleansed sight
The whole fresh year appeared all dewy bright,
Like dawn among the mountains undefiled
As yet by clouds ; and when the wistful child
Gazed forth, I felt a new transforming might ;
Each rosebud seemed to me a fount of life,
Each star an opening into endless heaven :
And well the promise of thy early hours
Thou hast redeemed, well thou hast loved the
flowers,
And grown to bless, 'mid blessings asked and given,
From child to maid, from maid to wedded wife.

III.

TO S. M. L. T.

WHEN into those mysterious eyes of thine
I gaze, or watch intent thy ready hand
Raise from the canvas, as with magic wand,
The shapes which in thy peopled fancy shine,
As swift as love can trace them, line on line,
I feel like one who sits as if asleep
On a sea rock and looks into the deep,
And in the restless homes of chrystal brine
Sees a quaint paradise of graceful forms,
'Mid ever-changing, ever-waving weeds :
Whence came the tide which wafted here their
seeds ?
From what strange gulf swam forth those playful
swarms ?
The rich sea takes no heed of praise or blame,
But works on free and lovingly the same.

IV.

ON THE DEATH OF S. T.

INTO his garden, at the break of day,
To cull ripe fruit and flowers his intent,
With eyes down-gazing the beloved went,
And step that crushed no blossom by the way ;
There was the rose full-blown, and there the may,
The blade, the ear, the full ripe waving corn,
But none of these he plucked that early morn,
Nor eased the vine with glowing clusters bent :
Sudden he stopped, and, taking gentle heed,
He plucked a budding lily, which indeed
Made the stem weep and sister-buds half fade,
But on the plant, which too profuse did bleed,
He dropped a tear and rich atonement made.

V.

A CHILD stood gazing seaward from the strand,
Her hair and clothes dishevelled by the wind,
That untired traveller, which, pleased to find
So sweet a stranger in the unknown land,
Kissed her all over, face and neck and hand :
She heeded not, for she had slipped away
And left her fellows in a grove at play
Drawn by strong impulse to the tide-worn sand,
And stood there waiting, motionless and dumb,
Nor heard the waves nor wind nor harps of gold :
Voices of earth were sounding in her ears,
And she saw faces pale and stained with tears
And her heart swelled with memories of old :
She spake not, but her eager eyes said, " Come ! "

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BABE.

O GENTLE hand, that let the wanderer fly,
The soft white dove from out its ark of peace !
She looked along the waters but could spy
No quiet haven where the tempests cease,
And listened but could hear no interval,
Through all the constant tumult of the storm,
Nothing but moans and ceaseless rise and fall
Of billows. Gracious hand, that meant no harm
And stayed there at the window, till the dove—
My little soft white dove, that could not find
Silence and rest like that she'd left behind,
Flew back, nor cared for all my foolish love,
That wooed her to stay here with pain and sin,
O gentle hand that took the wanderer in !

VII.

1.

ONCE by a broad and visionary stream
With eager crowds it was my wont to stand
Gazing as if in a confused dream,
Where, from its misty springs, by shores of sand
The downward current rolled, and in the gleam
Of noonday glistened like a polished shield ;
But while for some substantial good we sought,
Those dark deceitful waters did not yield
Ought but loud noise, yet, though from far away
A sweet sea-sound was by the breezes brought,
From that mysterious shore I could not stray,
Held by a charm, till disappointment wrought
A frenzy in me, and each empty day
Rose glared and vanished like an anxious thought.

VIII.

2.

Now, on the white sands of a stormless sea,
With spirits calm as its untroubled tide,
I watch the shadows of the evening flee
Chasing the morning sungleams, satisfied
That o'er those sparkling waters speedily
The quivering lines of each impatient hour
Should pass, till swells that ocean's pregnant core,
And leaps to light a day of mystic power,
Rising in terrible chrystal from the spray
Of that wide sea which ripples every shore :
Then in fair company in bright array
I from these sands shall glide, and evermore
Sit at His feet who, up the rocky way
And on the cross, my sin and sorrow bore.

IX.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

WHERE'ER in this wide world I cast my eyes,
Amid the weary whirl and hurrying throng,
I see some pledge of that for which I long,
Some soothing promise of the rest which lies
In that far land where nought but sorrow dies ;
And each sweet scene or sound is as a seed
Sown in my heart, which yet no idle weed
May yield some goodly fruit of Paradise.
Amid the talk of crowds a word of love,
In scenes of sin an eye which looks away,
Such are sweet signs of promise from above,
White banners gleam 'mid battle's red array,
Athwart the night some rays of morning move,
And love's aurora lightnings pass and play.

X.

SEEKING for freedom, careless as the wind,
I wandered far among the desolate rocks,
And upward roamed to where the shaggy flocks
Of the wild goats their mountain pasture find,
I climbed the granite precipice, and blind
Hung on the ramparts over which the storm
Gushes in thunder ; scarce my trembling form
Could o'er the jagged slippery ledges wind.
“ Ah ! Lord, if thou wert here ! ” said I : He came.
A great way off I knew Him by His cross :
He came and touched me, silent and in shame
I followed : soon among the flowers and moss
Here in the vale I walk restored, nor fear
Yon dark ravine if only He be near.

XI.

OH ! men of God ! the world is growing old,
She weaves strange riddles in her wrinkled age,
One name resolves them on the sacred page !
Her time is short, for she is weak and cold,
And like a miser mutters o'er her gold ;
Ye have the new life burning in your hearts,
Away with bland reserve and craven arts,
Away with vile expediency, be bold !
Tell forth with stern and unrelenting voice
God's truth in clear intelligible words ;
Wild beasts will roar and all ill-omened birds
Will answer with an execrable noise,
But truth drowns falsehood, hark, her echo fills
The holy sky from the eternal hills !

XII.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE IN
EARLY SPRING.

THIS sabbath morn I have been walking forth
To catch the freshness of the flowing wind,
The spirit of spring hath breathed upon the earth
A living liberty which none can bind,
A bursting of sweet bloom, a laying bare
Of infant beauty, but the leaves as yet
And wayside flowers are sleeping and forget
That there is warmth and pleasure in the air ;
But though the groves and woodlands be not green,
The birds are all in rapture of full song,
The nightingale her music pours along
The listening wind, and thus she sings, I ween,
“ God’s spring shall come, and summer too, though
late,
All shall be well to those who trust and wait.”

XIII.

TO THE ODOURLESS VIOLET.

POOR scentless flower ! by me alone admired !
In vain, when genial Spring's rich dew distil,
And young May's sweet surprises wake and fill
The budding groves with music long desired,—
In vain thou seekest each contrasting hue,
Primrose and moss and starflower waving high,—
In vain to catch and stay the wandering eye
Wooest the heavens to deepen that sweet blue,
Thou dost but call to mind the luscious scent
Thy colour promises, the hand of scorn
With careless touch disdains thee, dropt or rent ;
Return to thy humility forlorn !
And seek no gaudier charm than to present
Rare grace of suffering love and scorned content.

XIV.

TO THE WEST WIND.

HAIL ! soothing spirit of the balmy west !
Gentle magician ! angel of the spring !
When the calm winnowing of thy downy wing
Wakens the boughs of every woodland nest,
To mild unquiet more like graceful rest,
The buds begin to feel the ambitious life
Of beauty struggling with impatient strife
In the dark foldings of each downy breast
Yearning to be revealed, nor only there
But in the human heart thy spell sweet dreams
Awakes, and, from the clouds where anxious care
Long fixed her melancholy gaze, there gleams
A gentle glow of promise, and the air
With many a "dainty Ariel's" music teems.

XV.

TINTERN ABBEY.

BESIDE the lone church, like a sentinel,
Stands the dark pine, and over mossy tiles
And through the glassless windows down green
 aisles

The sunlight flickers, as the breezes swell
And sink more solemn than a distant bell,
Rousing far-hiding echoes of deep sighs
Sent from dark hearts and low sobbed litanies
In old dead times of sorrow, when the knell
Sounded above of friends or hopes. The sod
Beneath is sown with tears. Surely from hence
Wander the Silences and Fears which throng
The lonely hill tops, and from hence the song
Which haunts the rivulets in wooded glens,
And here praise ever waits for Thee, O God !

XVI.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

1.

No flowers are fairer than that infant's eyes,
As gazing upwards on his mother's face
He stands, enchanted by the modest grace
Which on her serious brow unconscious lies ;
Truth, as her accents flow, without disguise
Burns like the glory in the holy place,
And he, a cherub in the inner space,
Adores in awful joy and mute surprise :
Alas ! thy heart will ne'er again stand still
In front of heavenly truth, until the dream
Of life be fading and its follies wrecked,
Then, like the quiet fount whence flowed the rill,
Shall lie all level to the light the stream
Ere it plunge down the sudden cataract.

XVII.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

2.

THAT cottage door no blushing roses grace,
No wandering honeysuckle clothes its walls,
But wait, and listen to the voice which calls,
And the low answer from the narrow place !
In its small room a boundless love finds space
For ecstasy not Handel could express :
And softness which Coreggio's tenderness
Never suffused around Madonna's face
Finds a fit utterance in the murmured tone
Which has no meaning to our ears—beguiled
By the world's falsehood—jarred by cry and groan
From the world's tumult. In the undefiled
Language of nature commune here alone,
Like wind and sea, a mother and her child.

XVIII.

WRITTEN DURING AN ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

OH ! guilty earth ! thou art a careless mother !
A curse lies heavy on thee. Wild and bright
In all thy jewels thou dancest through the night,
But I could better love red Mars thy brother
Venus or Mercury or any other
Of lighter conscience. Though thou art so bold,
Thou art afraid sometimes when the moon, cold
And silent, watches thee. Canst thou not smother
Thy envious rage ? take heed : give it not way,
Or 'twill burst forth and God will let it burn,
For nought but fire can tame thee : in that day
Perhaps thy heart will to thy children turn,
What hast thou given them but grass and stones ?
And nothing shalt thou have but dust and bones.

XIX.

TO PLINY.

1.

PUREST and gentlest of the Romans, thee
I ofttimes call up willingly before
My fancy's eye as if in memory,
Dear Pliny ! pacing the Laurentine shore
And listening with white soul from passion free
To that great master of the calm and good,
That best philosopher—wise Solitude,
Who loves to walk by the suggestive sea :
Or bending o'er some fevered slave with voice
Made kindly by the soothing influence
Of the low wind upon the lonely beach,
Or pleading for the right amid the noise
Of crowded courts with that heart eloquence
Which quiet communings with nature teach.

XX.

TO PLINY.

2.

OH ! lover of the true ! hater of lies !
Oh ! just and gracious friend ! oh ! faithful heart !
How did thine inward ear not recognize
That voice sublime which owns the central part
Of every noble utterance of the wise
And every prophecy of wind and wave,
That solemn day when the Bithynian slave
Raised from the fiery rack her patient eyes,
And, while her careless listeners gave no sign,
Told how imperial Goodness once came down
From heaven to love and die in Palestine ?
Long since, I trust, with harp and martyr's crown
She has led thee to her smiling Lord and thine :
One saint, be sure,—good Gregory—did not frown !

XXI.

THE DIVINE PICTURE.

NAY, go not up so close, 'tis better here
To stand and view the picture, now we see
The motive of the artist, broad and free
His pencil swept from first to last, nor near
Did he intend the critic's eye should peer,
Carping at parts, but from a distance view,
And finally that subtle feature drew
Which mocks the coarser judgment and makes
clear

The sense to finer qualities of soul.
And thus God paints a life, from the first breath,
Love, labour, pain, obstruction, tears that fall
From long forgotten eyes, loss, triumph, all,
He broadly works, and blends into one whole
By the last slow decisive touch of death.

XXII.

PERFECT SONSHIP.

1.

SONS were they but they knew it not, so cold
Towards their genuine home their hearts had
grown,

And so the eldest son went forth alone,
To draw the sheep to the deserted fold,
First with a brother's guile gentle and bold
He won them to himself. With Him to live
Seemed all that man could want and God could
give.

No story like his life had e'er been told,
No voice been heard so lowly, so sublime,
Such greatness greater than their human heart,
Love making true eternity in time
And endlessness in space, so that to part
From him would be unutterable crime
Or the worst wound of despair's keenest dart !

XXIII.

2.

THEN told he plainly all his great intent :
First he had conquered, saying, " I am he,"
Then—" Father, I in them and Thou in me."
The perfect Son and perfect Brother sent
To win them to their Father, given not lent,
That free and fearless, they might yearn to see
Their Father's face in peace and ever be
In that eternal home to which He went :
That voice once heard they never ceased to hear,
In tearful farewells by the sad sea-shore,
Or in deep prisons by the mountain lake,
Or in the lonely wilderness of fear,
Or on the rack, or at the fiery stake,
Their only hope to hear that voice once more !

XXIV.

EASTWARD.

TRUTH, on the wings of morning glad and free,
Eastward, while yet 'tis dark, delights to glide,
To meet the freshness of the rising tide ;
What though she mark the olive-margined sea
Grow darker as the twilight vapours flee ?
O'er it she knows will break victorious fire,
And, landward, strike the gloom from roof and
 spire,
Till life and gladness steal o'er hill and lea !
Thus watch the blessed from their height of rest
Mist after mist of error upward drawn,
They fear not, for they know the world is won.
Therefore gaze eastward, toward the rising sun,
For heaven, the home of love, is in the east,
The eternal east, the fount of every dawn.

XXV.

SUNSET.

THE cherub clouds crowd round the dying day,
Snow-white, save where soft yellow flushes rise
And hide them into glory from our eyes ;
They seem with folded wings to watch and pray,
While toward the azure east we haste away
And plunge into the new and chilly night,
Careless of solemn evening's waning light.
The casements close, the children leave their play,
Each bends the knee beside his lowly bed
And sanctifies with prayer the eventide.
Now as we turn to gaze, the last dim red
With all the angel watchers seems to glide
Into far heaven. Alas ! the day is dead !
And we knew not 'twas holy till it died.

XXVI.

NIGHT.

UNDER the moon the city lies asleep,
And round it slumber twice ten thousand foes,
And where last noon the hideous clamour rose
Of deadly conflict up that rugged steep
Where the breach opens, and deep answered deep
Of human hate more hungry than the sea,
Through the broad calm, o'er bannered tower and
tree,
The aimless airs of midnight slowly creep.
That was man's day, but this is God's dear night :
We grudge to spare each moment as it flies,
But heaven intrudes its hours ; man cannot cheat
The eternal patience. In the fading light
God comes and folds our hands, and shuts our eyes,
And gently lays us prostrate at His feet.

XXVII.

ART thou the day, the new born day, gray morn,
The living day that maketh all things clear?
Will the lark greet thee? Will the wakened deer
Bound from the fern? Surely in silent scorn
The woods will hush their voices, nor be born
Into fair flowers the buds of yesterday,
The dews will lie where all night long they lay,
Nor juices ripen in the slumbering corn.
Oh! foolish timorous fancies! for I know
That nothing can withstand thee,—the Divine!
Hail to thee! Thou and victory are one!
When life and light come, death and darkness go,
Nor will God let a lesser glory shine,
Not moon, nor stars, only the Almighty sun.

XXVIII.

ABRAHAM AND LOT.

ONE chose the emerald pastures ripe and deep,
Well watered everywhere like Paradise,
Sheltered all round and fenced from rude surprise,
Where all his herds might safely browse and sleep,
And he—the shepherd—watch mild evening creep
Over soft slopes and on the mountains glow :
He sees not the curse gathering far below,
Nor far above sad angels frown and weep :
Not so the man of God, hope-rich, faith-free,
He chose the upland heights and bracing downs,
Breeze-swept, sun-travelled, bare to ocean-showers,
And saw far generations crowd the sea
With swelling sails and clothe with populous towns
The savage wolds and crown the rocks with towers.

XXIX.

BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus by the Jordan's side,
Sat musing in the shadow of a palm,
Though poor yet rich in many thoughts and calm,
Silent he listened to the rippling tide,
Reasoning within, at last he opened wide
His speculative eyes, empty of sight,
And said, "men cheat themselves, there is no light,
'Tis but a name, a name and nought beside."
His little grandchild laughed in sudden glee,
"Oh blessed light! See how it sparkles there!"
At eve he stood before the Christ in prayer,
"What wilt thou?"—"Lord, I will that I may
 see,"
And from that face a quiet glory stole
Into his boundless inner world of soul.

XXX.

TO MRS. G.

As once, at crimson prime of dewy May,
Thy Edmund feebly paced in thoughtful mood
Where death and hope in holy concord brood,
From the green churchyard-graves that round him
lay

He raised his solemn brow, and cheerful day
Gushed on his eye, and garden field and wood
Rang with impetuous joy, the wild lark wooed
The fresh sea-wind high in the chequered gray :
A sudden doubt seemed o'er his soul to fling
A shade, he paused and pointed ; " Lay me there
As near as may be to God's light and air !"
Faith is not sight ! Yet his was strong to bring
From heaven a calm alike o'er joy and care,
O'er Autumn Summer, and o'er Winter Spring.

XXXI.

WHEN jarred by some new stroke of reckless fate,
Or pierced by poisoned words, or stung by lies,
Or, which is worst, eyed coldly by the wise,
Or, which is easier borne, defied by hate,
Or, which is least, derided by the great,
I shrink and stand beyond the envious bound,
And see the world complete its usual round
And, without me, extol its rich estate :
Then do I throw my lonely soul abroad
In awful pity on that boundless scope
In which men's words and thoughts and aims
 are lost,
My love has more of faith though less of hope,
My prospect is too large to count its cost,
I venture self for all and all for God.

XXXII.

MY muse, I fear, is shy and country-bred,
For, when I wish to walk in towns and learn
What eager thoughts and fiery passions burn
In men who throng the market-place, or tread
Dark streets where love is faint and hope is dead,
She whispers sly excuses of—not yet
For I have that to say I may forget—
Or—that which never yet was fully said :
And so she leads with bright mysterious looks
Down to the waters of some mossy hollow
Where rocks that interrupt the bickering brooks
Make solitudes—what can I do but follow ?
And there she sings so sweetly and so long
I fall to dreaming and forget her song.

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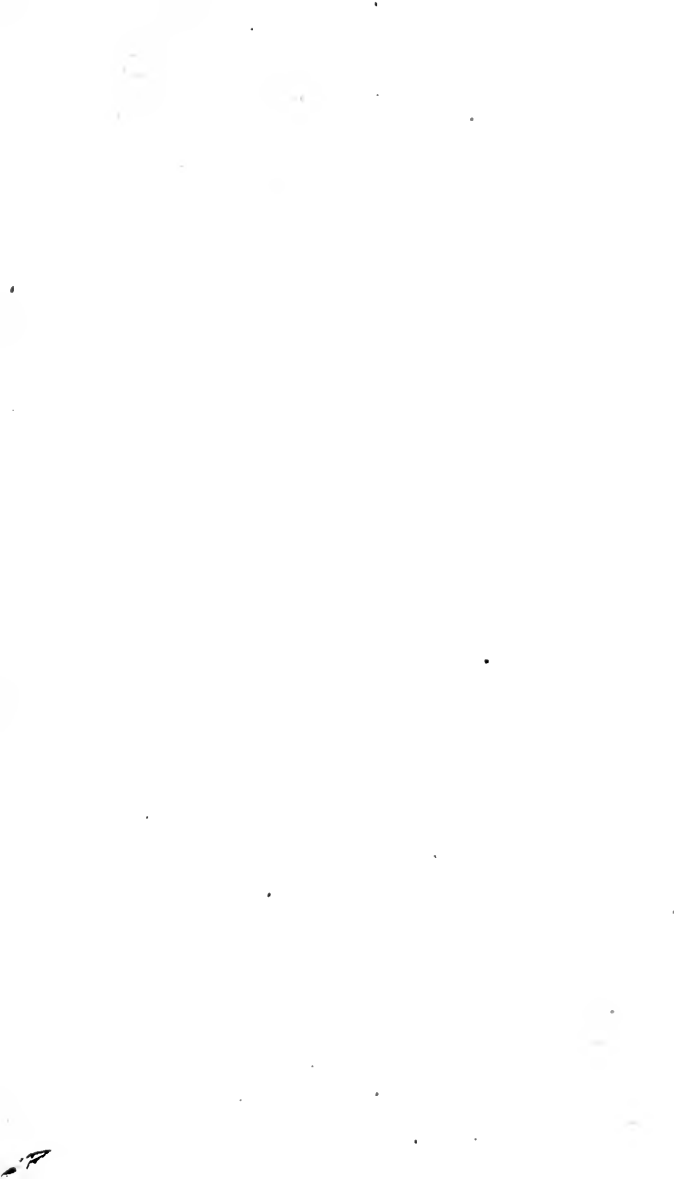
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